A [illegible] AND HER CREW.

THE HUMOURIST,

A COMPANION FOR THE CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

BY

W. H. HARRISON,

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF A GRANDFATHER," &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY

FIFTY ENGRAVINGS,

[illegible] OF [illegible] SUBJECTS,

FROM DESIGNS BY THE LATE T. [illegible].

[illegible]

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY R. ACKERMANN, 96, STRAND;

AND SOLD BY

R. ACKERMANN, JUN., 191, REGENT STREET.

MDCCCXXXII.

THE HUMOURIST AND HER CREW.

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W. H. HARRISON,

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF A PHYSICIAN," &c.

EMBELLISHED BY

FIFTY ENGRAVINGS,

EXCLUSIVE OF NUMEROUS VIGNETTES,

FROM DESIGNS BY THE LATE T. ROWLANDSON.

Tell us a story, old Robin Gray,
This merry Christmas time:
We are all in our glory, so tell us a story,
Either in prose or rhyme.

SOUTHEY.

LONDON:
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MDCCCXXXI.

108.

LONDON:

F. SHOBERL, JUN., LONG ACRE.

PREFACE.

On presenting an addition to the already extensive list of Annuals, the Author feels called upon to say a few words by way of preface, in doing which he cannot but acknowledge that the Publisher and himself are very much in the situation of the sailors in the Frontispiece: they have just launched a new vessel, and are soliciting the favour and patronage of the Public, in the absence of which they will inevitably be found in one of the most awkward of all nautical dilemmas, namely, without a *sale*.

Should his Readers carry the simile still farther, and allege, with reference to the one-

legged mariners, that it is a lame affair, the Author would plead a classical authority for penning his lucubrations "*stans pede in uno.*" If a more personal application of the Plate be attempted, and it be urged that there are many points of resemblance between him and the very respectable but much slandered animal there depicted—that, if not a *striking*, it is a *kicking* likeness—he would reply, that there can be no more appropriate prefix to a volume than a portrait of the writer, and that it is his ambition, although it can scarcely be his hope, to shew his heels to his competitors in the annual race in which he is contending.

He is not ignorant that, in claiming for the work of a single pen a portion of the patronage so deservedly bestowed on those splendid volumes, which are enriched by contributions from some of the first writers of the day, he has rendered himself amenable to a charge of presumption; but, should he be pronounced

guilty, he trusts that some portion of the blame will be transferred to his tempter and accomplice, the Publisher. He confesses, however, that he has been, in some degree, encouraged in his undertaking by the liberality which his contributions to other Annuals, as well as his "Tales of a Physician," have experienced from the critical press, and which, while it demands his grateful acknowledgments, affords him the assurance of fair play upon the present occasion.

To promote the hilarity of the winter's hearth by the application of humour to a variety of subject—occasionally to launch the shaft of satire at the vices and follies of the day—and, generally, to subserve the cause of virtue—are the objects of this work; and it is sent forth into the world in the honest confidence that if, unhappily for its design, it should fail to create a smile, it will, in no instance, afford occasion for a blush.

Of the Embellishments, to which, after the manner of Annuals in general, the matter has been adapted, it will be a sufficient recommendation to state that the designs have been carefully selected from a great variety of original drawings by the late Mr. Rowlandson, the humour of whose pencil has been long and universally acknowledged, and no expense has been spared in the endeavour to render the engravings worthy of the subjects.

The exterior of the volume is of a character combining permanency with elegance, and evinces a confidence in the generosity of the Public, it being delivered *bound* into their hands.

The Author is quite aware that it will avail him little to plead, in extenuation of the imperfections of the work, the fact of his having been called to it at an advanced period of the last spring; yet, as he will not again labour under a similar disadvantage—and he has found

it no trifling one—he may reasonably indulge the hope of rendering THE HUMOURIST, for next year, more worthy of the patronage of the Public. In the mean time, he begs, respectfully, to present to them the fruits of his past labours.

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PLATES.

Exclusive of Seventeen Vignettes.

THE HUMOURIST.

THE LIVING LEGACY,

OR

THE DOCTORS PUZZLED.

Ye learn'd professors of the art of healing,
  I have a great respect for your vocation;
And, a pet phrase in diplomatics stealing,
  Assure you of my "high consideration."
With what suaviloquy and graceful ease
Ye finger ladies' pulses and your fees:

And, when that wielder of unerring shafts,
Stern Death, hath foil'd you at the game of *draughts*,
And all your vaunted skill is found but vanity;
When, spite of boluses adroitly hurl'd,
Ye cannot keep your patients in this world,
Ye bow them out of it with great urbanity.

And wherefore not? I hate your men of iron,
Half doctors and half brutes, like ancient Chiron,
Who, vain of real or ascribed ability,
Esteem their fees too little for civility,
And thus the noble art they live by sully;
Who *kick* their way to practice, and get names
By hectoring sick gentlemen and dames—
The only sort of folk they dare to bully.
Whip me such churls, and keep me from their paws!
'T is not without good reason that we dub
Them sons of Æsculapius, because
They are so very handy with his club.

Tobias Splice—of other mould was he—
A surgeon of some standing in his day;
In which capacity he served at sea,
Where he spent half his life and all his pay.
And, when the nations ceased from blood and pillage,
Our friend retired, where—history does not mention,
But merely says it was his native village,
There to enjoy his *otium*, and a pension;
Of which first article he 'd quite enough,
Though of the latter barely *quantum suff.*

Thus Toby, his biographer relates,
Although on shore, was often in the *straits*.

He was a man of most consummate skill;
  His head was a complete pharmacopeia;
He seemed to have a salve for every ill,
  As though he 'd got a patent from Hygeia.
Nosology was foremost in his dreams,
And surgery and physic were the themes
  On which his mind eternally was feeding.
In fact, he was so wedded to his art,
That to have ta'en a wife unto his heart
  Had been a most polygamous proceeding:
And thus it happen'd he had always parried
The shafts of Cupid, and remain'd unmarried.

Devoid of ostentation or pretence,
  His manners were remark'd for their simplicity;
His mind was rich in sterling common sense,
  Dash'd with, perhaps, a little eccentricity.
And, though sedate, as well became him, Rumour
  Says there were times when, like the wit of yore,
  Our friend would set the table in a roar,
With flashes of his quaint and quiet humour.
And then he 'd such a heart! its liberality
  Had shamed philanthropists of means more
    ample;
Of his pre-eminence for which rare quality
  Our tale will furnish more than one ensample.

Soon after he was put upon half rations,
  A child was born whose widow'd mother breathed

Her last when it saw daylight, and bequeathed
Her infant to the care of its relations.
Our hero claim'd the legacy: the rest,
Kind souls! who generously kept in mind
Their wealth and Toby's poverty, resign'd
At once their several shares in the bequest.
He took the little daughter of affliction,
Left her rich relatives his praises chattering;
While the remarks which graced his valediction
Were certainly, by far, more true than flattering.

Tobias had a species of dependent,
A mono-legg'd out-pensioner of Greenwich,
A shipmate of Lord Nelson, to have been which
He deem'd, of course, an honour most transcendent.
This tar in Toby's nursery lent a hand—
"Sweet dry-nurse for an infant a month old!"
Exclaims some lovely reader. Lady bland!
Jack had a heart as kind as it was bold,
And was, besides, a very handy chap;
Yet 'twas a scene somewhat grotesque, no doubt,
To see them nursing, spell and spell about,
And cramming it with soak'd ship-biscuit pap.

You 'll say his infant charge distress'd him sadly,
And made his "*res angustæ domi*" worse:
Sir, give me leave to say you argue badly—
The thing turn'd out precisely the reverse,
As I shall make apparent; for the fact is,
Soon after, he was sent for, in a heat,
One morning, to the premier's country seat,
Relieved the patient, and thence grew in practice.

The sceptic sneers "Mere accident!"—no doubt
It was—the duke had put his shoulder out,
And scarcely by design, for dislocation
To a First Lord were sorry recreation.

And well Tobias loved to watch the flow'r
His care had shelter'd in its adverse hour,
  When the bleak tempest was around it swelling:
He saw it thrive beneath his fostering hand,
And mark'd the bud of loveliness expand,
  At once to gladden and to grace his dwelling.
For she grew up in beauty; free from art,
  In manner gentle, and in nature kind;
While, every day, still closer round his heart
  The tendrils of her young affections twined.
And he felt grateful for the boon bestow'd,
To soothe and cheer him in life's downward road.

Old Jack quite worshipp'd her, and, all the day,
  Stump'd after his young charge so light and limber,
Wearing so many wooden legs away,
  He swore it cost him half his pay in timber.
Our tar, when sailing under Britain's banners,
  Had for politeness no small reputation;
And, hence, to teach her seamanship and manners
  He deem'd was his particular vocation.
Now, under such a tutor, I've a notion,
  A year or two a great adept had found her;
But Toby's practice caused our Jack's promotion
  From nursery governess to grand compounder.

"Pshaw! Jack compound a julep! what put that in
Your idle brain? could he read doctor's latin?

The thing 's preposterous."—Kind reader, stop;
I never said he could. In Splice's shop,
Which with no superfluities was cumber'd,
Each bottle, jar, and gallipot, was number'd.
Behold, *verbatim*, copied from his slate,
This memorandum of Tobias: "Mix
10 gr. of IV with 20 gr. of VI,
And fill the phial up from No. VIII."
Now, Sir, I ask, could any thing be plainer,
Or less have puzzled his marine retainer?

This system might, perhaps, cause some confusion,
Should your compounder (Jack was always sober)
Have ta'en too strong a draught of your October,
And suffer from that optical delusion,
Whereby he might mistake 1 for 11,
And, magnifying 7 to 77,
Dispense *nux vomica* for *pulvus rhei*;
Which pharmaceutical misnumeration
Might cause subtractions from our population
The laws would scarcely authorize. You see I
Am very candid, Sir, though, for the rest,
I like the numeration system best.

Time is no loiterer: years had roll'd away,
When Toby was call'd up to the Red Lion,
One stormy night, his remedies to try on
A man who had been robb'd on the highway.
The murderous villains beat him *ad deliquium*,
And left him with the crows to croak his requiem.
Some travellers bore him to the inn, where he
Was lying in a state of syncope.

'T was plain enough that he was young and tall,
  But what might be his rank no man could vouch;
The thieves had taken papers, purse, and all,
  And had not left a copper in his pouch.

Toby look'd long and gravely on the case,
  When Boniface, who had not as yet spoken,
Ask'd, with unwonted longitude of face,
  "Are any of his bones, good doctor, broken?"
Said Toby, "No; but many a man I've known
Walk out of life without a broken bone.
Much might be done, could we but keep him quiet,
  But, at an inn, there's such a ceaseless noise,
  Of scullions, chambermaids, and stable-boys,
That one in health could scarce endure the riot.
And then your only nurse is in her dotage—
I'll have him down at once to Bolus Cottage.

"Nay, no remonstrance, Boniface—I've said it;
  So quietly at once your guest surrender;
Although, I own, your motive does you credit,
  Seeing your chance of payment is but slender;
His state is critical, and, though your port
Is physic, 't is not quite of the right sort;
Besides, I know your pagan tricks of yore—
The patient you had charge of once before,
  To whom I bade you give no food but slops,
I found (it was enough a saint to vex)
  Upright in bed, and dining on pork-chops,
Wash'd down with your confounded X X X."

They got him to the cottage, and to bed,
Where he was physick'd, blister'd, leech'd, and bled;

And, fearing they might add to fever fuel,
They kept him there, three tedious weeks confined,
Denied substantial food of every kind,
But drench'd, most unrelentingly, with gruel.
In fact, the means they took to bring him round
Made him so thin, you 'll doubt me when I say it,
That, had some modern Shylock claim'd his pound,
He had not on his bones withal to pay it.
At length, our plunder'd and much physick'd friend,
When he could grow no worse, began to mend.

Tobias, by this time, had got a name,
And, Plutus treading on the heels of Fame,
He 'd built himself a house, on his own plan,
Replete with every comfort which a man
Could possibly desire, awake or sleeping;
And there were pleasure-grounds of ample space;
And every thing, in short, about the place,
Like a good picture, was in perfect keeping.
Such was our patient's hospital. One day,
When he 'd grown stronger, his attendants bore him
To an adjoining chamber, where he lay,
And gazed upon the summer scene before him.

And who can paint his varied feelings, save
Those who, like him, have, after weeks of pain,
Come up from the dark confines of the grave,
To look upon this living world again?
'T is then the humblest flowret which our eye,
In other days, had pass'd regardless by,
Some grateful feelings to our bosom brings.

And O, on our pale cheek how plays the smile
That greets the breeze which hath come many a mile
  To bring us health and joy upon its wings!
And then, upon our ear how softly swells
The wafted music of some distant bells!

But whither roves his gaze? what bright-eyed maid
Starts, like a Dryad, from her sylvan shade?
  Can aught of clay such dignity possess?
She moves in beauty through the rich parterre,
As though the bright and breathing blossoms there
  Were emanations of her loveliness.
Now, like a queen, she graces yonder bower,
  Now, from its cool retreat, behold her glide,
Put forth her hand to raise some drooping flower,
  Seeming to plant a lily by its side.
Her eye glanced up, and, ere he caught its beam,
She vanish'd like the figment of a dream.

The damsel who had thus disturb'd his quiet—
  The orphan mention'd in a former verse—
  Appear'd to him again as parlour nurse,
Whose office 'twas to regulate his diet,
  Giving him jellies, arrow-root, and eggs:
For he, poor man! was more reduced, by half,
Than His Most Gracious Majesty's Giraffe,
  Which 't was so hard to set upon its legs.
Its was a pitiable situation,
  For, when it could not stand, its keepers slung
  It up by pulleys, and, poor beast! it hung
A picture of suspended animation.

Now, to a gentleman that 's convalescent,
  And sitting bolster'd up in his arm-chair,
  The ministrations of a dame so fair
Must be, beyond all doubt, extremely pleasant.
  I only say, to such a nurse commend me!
Fancy her hand put forth to place aright
Your pillow, t' is so very soft and white—
  I mean the pillow, do n't misapprehend me—
And, when the lovely damsel tries persuasion
To make you take your draught, there 's no evasion,
But, forthwith, to her health you drink it up,
Though deadliest poison mingle in the cup.

' T was plain this state of things could never last
  'Twixt squire and damosel with hearts endued;
For he was getting into love quite fast,
  And fancied, all the while, 't was gratitude.
But was, you 'll ask, the doctor void of vision
To sanction this most perilous collision?
Reader, Tobias was, as I have shewn, a
True son of Æsculapius by Bellona,
  And thought but little of the wounds of Cupid:
He ne'er suspected them, the simple elf,
Because he 'd never been in love himself,
  Which was, as you 'll confess, extremely stupid.

It struck the man of physic, though, at length,
  The patient's pulse was often very high;
Which, as he every day was gaining strength,
  Did greatly puzzle his philosophy:
And, being summon'd to a consultation,

THE DOCTORS PUZZLED.

He dropp'd the fact, in course of conversation;
Adding, that Blanche, each day, by his command,
Had giv'n the febrifuge with her own hand.
The conclave shook their heads, look'd grave, but none of them
(The owls!) could solve the mystery, till one of them,
And he the youngest too, suspected arson,
And recommended that black draught—a parson.

This roused the surgeon's fears: the consultation
He left abruptly, and, half choked with ire,
Took horse, and gallopp'd homewards, to require
Of his young guest an instant explanation;
And, opportunely finding him alone,
Tobias tax'd him, in no gentle tone,
With having sought his Blanche's heart to win.
The culprit heard th' indictment, nor denied,
But, with the greatest *nonchalance*, replied
That *not* to love her were the greater sin.
"Presumptuous boy!" said Toby, in a fret,
"Know, sir, my Blanche would grace a coronet."

"And therefore she shall wear one," said his guest;
Then up to its full height his form he drew,
And, flinging wide the casement, gave to view
A gothic castle on a mountain's crest.
"Behold the mansion of an ancient line,
Whose honours, riches, and broad lands, are mine.
It boots not now what idle whim to suit
I travell'd unattended, and on foot;

Enough, my pardon in your smile I see,
Nor, blest with your approval, shall I fear
That she who loved the squire of low degree
Will blight the fond ambition of the peer."

UNCLE TIMOTHY,

OR

THE RING FENCE.

My uncle Timothy was one of those persons who hold that it is never too late to learn, and, accordingly, he conceived a passion for the abstruse sciences of horsemanship and matrimony at the tender age of fifty-five.

The chief end of marriage I take to be to obtain a nurse: wherefore, if a man be poor, let him marry and secure one: but, in the case of a gentleman in easy circumstances, matrimony is the most insane act he could by possibility commit. Let him not fear that he shall be left alone in his sickness, for I never knew a rich bachelor yet who wanted an attentive nurse to sit up with him, nephews to leave their cards, "*de die in diem*," at his door, or nieces to make him jellies and flannel night-caps. It was, doubtless, the influence of some such conviction which kept my uncle in single blessedness for so many years.

You did not know my uncle Timothy, perhaps? Permit me to introduce him to you. At the age of fifty, my revered relative retired from business, with as weighty a purse, and light a conscience, as five-and-twenty years' successful practice as an attorney

could be supposed to leave him. Emancipation from the cares of his profession, and some gastronomic indulgences, co-operating with a predisposition to obesity, had made him, at the period to which this sketch more particularly refers, the very personification of corpulence and good-humour. He was somewhat primitive in his dress, wearing a three-cornered hat, which, although it was none of the smallest, but partially covered his redundant wig. His coat, which, by the way, he was never so rash as to button, was, as became a bachelor, single-breasted and without a collar, the interspace between his ears and his shoulders not admitting of such an erection. He wore a stock, but it was entirely eclipsed by the reduplications of his chin. His stomach appeared a huge balloon of broad-cloth, and abutted upon his knees.

It happened that the estate to which he had retired, although rather extensive, was somewhat irregular in its outline; nay, it not only, to adopt his own professional comparison, zig-zagged into the adjoining property, like an indenture, but it was necessary for him to cross his neighbour's fields to get at some of his own. Now my uncle Timothy was a great admirer of an estate in a ring fence, and resolved upon making his own conform to that description. This, however, could not be accomplished without the possession of the contiguous domain, the owner of which was a blooming widow of nearly his own age, and little inferior to him in size and personal attractions. Now there were two methods of compassing his object, money and matrimony; presenting to him the legal alternative of paying the penalty of his acquisition either in purse or in person.

Assuming the hypothesis of the lady's consent in either case, he argued the matter over two bottles of *London Particular*, at the conclusion of which he got so confused, and saw the thing in so many and such perplexing points of view, that he was compelled to adjourn the debate until the next day. It was plain that he must part with either his liberty or his Consols. Liberty, he argued, might be a mere conventional affair after all, whereas the Bank Annuities were a tangible and substantial good—a tree which bloomed twice a year (as freshly at Christmas as at Midsummer), and, although its blossoms were paper flowers, he had never known their *promise* unfulfilled. In fine, he resolved that it was, mechanically as well as morally, more easy for him to lay his hand upon his bosom than to put it into his pocket, and, accordingly, determined on marching boldly to attack the widow in her entrenchments. Although he had no experience in love affairs, he had professional quickness enough to know that first impressions are every thing, and to make his appearance before the dame in the manner best calculated to prepossess her became the question. He had not the convenience of a carriage of his own, and to have hired one "for the nonce" might, perhaps, have implied his incapability of pedestrian progression, and it was very desirable to keep all ideas of gout and sciatica as much as possible in the back ground on such an occasion. That he did not walk the four miles (for the lady resided at that distance from her estate) may be referred to his repugnance to follow the example of every courting clod-hopper in the village, or to some other motive which my uncle might have had his own reasons

for concealing. Now he had never crossed a horse in his life, but, as he wisely remarked, it is never too late to learn, and, accordingly, he resolved on presenting himself at the gate of his "ladye love," full knightly, in his harness.

It was on the morning of a remarkably sultry day in July, that the horse, destined to bear the weight and worth of my uncle Timothy, was brought to the door by a sort of jockey from a neighbouring inn. One glance at the animal's legs, which were as thick as whipping-posts, proved that my uncle's stipulations as to the steadiness of his charger had been attended to, for the shock of an earthquake could scarcely have overturned him.

Well, sir, arrayed in his best snuff-coloured coat and orange waistcoat, booted and buckskinned to match, he sallied forth to mount his Bucephalus, but "*hic labor hoc opus est.*" It is true that he succeeded in raising his knee, after several remonstrances from his superincumbent corporation, so as to get his toe into the stirrup, but, in order to accomplish this, it was necessary for him to throw the rest of his body so far back as to render the approximation of his bridle-hand to the animal's mane altogether impracticable. The horse himself, in spite of the jockey, who held him close under the jaw by the reins, turned his head, and looked my uncle in the face, as if in utter astonishment at the audacity of the attempt.

At length the housekeeper, whom the unprecedented event of her master's venturing upon an equestrian excursion had drawn to the window, perceived his dilemma, and opportunely ran out with a kitchen chair, by the aid of which he contrived to attain the

UNCLE TIMOTHY.

wished-for elevation. The jockey, who was of course on the off-side of the horse, described the gradual development of my uncle's visage from behind the saddle, as resembling the rising of a full moon over a dun cloud.

How Timothy sped by the way I know not, but, as he had once gained the saddle, his weight, I presume, kept him there, for it appears that he reached the widow's gate without a tumble.

Full gallantly did he ride up to the lodge, and apply himself to the bell, which hung a few feet above his head. In grasping the handle, however, he lost his equilibrium, and, the next instant, found himself lying on his back in the dust, with a yard of wire in his hand and the belle by his side. "*Omen haud malum*," ejaculated my uncle, and, thus encouraged on the very threshold of his enterprize, he resigned his horse to a servant, and was ushered into the drawing-room of the widow, whose very figure reminded him of the ring fence he so much coveted. She weighed, in fact, within a stone or two, as much as himself, and the contour of her person strikingly resembled a circular hay-stack. Though somewhat exuberant in her other proportions, she was entirely destitute of waist, but as my uncle, being a frugal man, disliked *waste* in any *shape*, he was not likely to lament her deficiency in that particular.

The suitor was received in a manner becoming his worth and his errand, and opened the conference by producing a plan of their respective estates, neatly drawn on parchment, and, after descanting, for half an hour, with much professional acumen, on the advantages of a ring fence, concluded by proposing an

union of "their living and their lifeless dust." My uncle, throughout the interview, sustained his character of a successful *solicitor;* while the widow, on her part, being, as she said, a lone woman, was equally alive to the benefits of a ring fence, and, having previously gone through the ceremony of love-making, she so contrived to expedite matters, that preliminaries were soon agreed upon, and only required sealing, an operation which (I speak from authority, not experience) is usually performed by a kiss.

Accordingly, arranging his lips (which were none of the smallest) into the semblance of a couple of crooked sticks of red sealing-wax, with the design of going through the melting ceremony, he approached the widow, who, anticipating his intention, modestly attempted to cast her eyes upon her toes, but the globularities of her cheeks intercepted her downward glances.

But the best intentions are sometimes frustrated, and it has been said of old that "the course of true love never did run smooth." It is well known that two spherical bodies can only be made to touch at one point; hence, in spite of their mutual endeavours, they could only reach to squeeze each other's elbows, kissing being entirely out of the question, since, at the maximum point of approximation, you might have placed a quartern loaf between their chins. Billing, therefore, unless they had had the bills of woodcocks, was an utter impossibility.

It was very plain that they were not made for each other. At the melancholy conviction, they simultaneously heaved a sigh, which had the effect of placing them further asunder, and my uncle, with a look that

made words superfluous, bade farewell to the widow and the ring fence, and returned to his dwelling; though how he got there, whether on horseback or on foot, I know not, nor, scarcely, I believe, did he.

Alas! they had loved "not wisely but too well." The disappointment was bitterly taken to heart by both parties, and (fortunately for my uncle's nephews and nieces, who would otherwise have been "curtailed of their fair proportions") they died unmarried.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

As, t'other day, I bent my way
  Through Holborn, I espied
A butcher, at a book-stand, by
  A prebendary's side.

"*Pares cum paribus*," cried I,
  "For each has got a stall;
This cuts up in the Quarterly,
  And that in Leadenhall."

My cousin Ned, who heard me, said,
  "Now, Harry, only look!
How gravely yonder butcher cons
  His newly purchased book.

"Such from the march of intellect
  Results—'t is really dreadful,
To see one in his class of life
  With learning stuff his head full.

"The vulgar set more learn'd will get
  Than many of their betters:"
"Dear Coz," quoth I, "they may do that,
  And yet scarce know their letters."

But Ned the strain took up again:
  "You can 't, 't is quite horrific,
Address your servant, but you get
  An answer scientific.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

"I ask'd my groom, the other day,
  What made him look so badly;
The coxcomb said, he 'd had a fall,
  And bruised his tibia sadly.

"My cook, when ask'd what made her mope
  So like a moulting pigeon,
Said she 'd a slight derangement in
  The epigastric region.

"Like greater folks, they 've learned jokes:
  My housemaid, Sarah—she
Is ever on the giggle—they
  Call *Sal volatile.*

"And then, by rote, strange tongues they quote:
  My groom, when some neglect I
Had tax'd him with, declared he 'd got
  '*Mens sibi conscia recti.*'

"The lady's maid, the spendthrift jade,
  As gifts for the new year,
Gave Thomas a 'Forget Me Not,'
  And cook a 'Souvenir.'"

"Come, come," I said, "good cousin Ned,
  Your spleen is unavailing;
The times are past your mending, so
  I pray you cease your railing.

"Admitting that your censure 's just,
  And that the world 's in fault,

If intellect be on the march,
  In vain shall we cry 'Halt!'

"Because yon butcher buys a book,
  Why should you make a din?
'Twere better thus to spend his pence,
  Than lay them out in gin.

"Nor need you fear that vulgar minds
  Will spoil in Learning's hot-house;
For those who purchase books at stalls
  Don't read them in a pot-house.

And as for servants—sure my coz
  Somewhat unjustly blames,
When rating them because they call
  Things by their proper names.

"Again, 't is no concern of yours
  That other tongues they speak;
And, if in Latin they grow pert,
  Why set them down in Greek.

"And, if your witty cook makes puns,
  While she puff-paste prepares,
I wish that, with the tarts, she'd send
  A few of them up stairs.

"For, at most tables where I dine,
  It is my chance to hit
On better pies than puns, and crust
  Much lighter than the wit.

"Eschewing narrow policies,
  I would have Learning's ray
Be, to the mighty and the mean,
  Free as the light of day.

"And, if the people's march of mind
  We dread, the thought should make us
Take longer strides in Wisdom's paths,
  Lest they should overtake us."

GIDEON OWEN,

OR

TIMING A SHIPWRECK.

TAKING care of the main chance, I have elsewhere attempted to define, the keeping one hand on your own pocket, and the other in your neighbour's, a definition which, whatever it may want of truth in its general application, was in exact accordance with the practice and opinions of Gideon Owen. He was one of those who, very early in life, discovered the inconveniences attendant upon having a good character, a quality, he would observe, in such universal request, that the possessor is liable to be robbed of it at every turn. Nay, it was even an incumbrance to a man of his peculiar genius, which, when relieved from the restraint, developed itself in a manner which promised to secure him a distinguished place in that calendar which is more remarkable for heroes than saints. He was one of the honourable fraternity of British merchants, though, like a true genius, he altogether rejected those common-place notions by which that respectable body have the universal reputation of being governed. The halter and the gibbet were the line and rule by which Gideon was regulated in his dealings, and it is admitted that he was exact, to a nicety, in his

THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

measures. The accounts of a man who trusted no one, and whom none ever thought of trusting, must, necessarily, have lain in a nutshell; and it was Owen's boast that his pocket was his counting-house, and his journal and ledger a two-penny memorandum-book.

For a description of his person, as I cannot hope, with my feeble pen, to rival the pencil of Mr. Rowlandson, I must e'en refer the reader to the illustration of this article. Behold him plodding his way through the street, regardless of every external object, but in chuckling self-gratulation on having completed some advantageous and overreaching bargain: observe the pleased, but unpleasing expression, so purely animal, of his countenance: remark, too, his left hand clenched upon his bosom—a sinister attempt to keep down the upbraidings of conscience; or, perhaps, to guard his heart from the possibility of its being assailed by any of those sympathies by which ordinary and grovelling minds are sometimes turned from their purposes. His vigilance was at once useless and misplaced; useless, because his heart was as hard as a brick-bat, and misplaced, because, with him, the seat of feeling was the neck.

One of his latest commercial transactions was of so remarkable a character, that I shall venture to conclude this sketch by putting it upon record. Gideon was, on a sudden, seized with a passion for speculation to the East Indies, and, accordingly, purchased a vessel, loaded her to the very hatches, and, like a prudent man, insured ship and cargo to a considerable amount. It is true, there were some trifling discrepancies between the invoices and the shipments,

but such things will occur in the hurry of business, and underwriters are not particular so long as the ship stands A 1, and they get their premiums.

Two months afterwards, news arrived that the vessel had foundered, to the great dismay of Gideon, who alleged that he had insured too little, and of the underwriters, who found that they had assured too much. Some of them had taken heavy lines upon the risk, and one man, in particular, had ventured to an amount the exaction of which would have left him and his family without a shilling in the world, and Gideon, unluckily, was not slow in advancing his claim. A meeting was appointed between Owen and the underwriters, at a coffee-house, for the purpose of discussing certain matters connected with the loss, when his documents were produced, and found to be altogether unchallengeable. One of the parties, however, ventured to express a doubt as to the total loss of the vessel.

"Nay," exclaimed a voice from an adjoining box, "if it be the loss of the Hopewell, I can vouch for that."

"And pray," enquired one of the parties interested, regarding the volunteer witness with no complacent look, "what makes you so knowing about the loss of the ship?"

"The simple fact of my having had the pleasure of being in her company at the time," rejoined the first speaker, a fashionably dressed young man, with a very handsome but sunburnt countenance, rising, and leaning carelessly against the partition of the boxes, so as to confront the party, one of whom, the individual who had at first addressed him, took upon him-

self the office of spokesman, and continued his interrogatories by saying, "Why you were surely not one of the crew?"

"No," answered the young gentleman, bowing in acknowledgment of the compliment implied, "I was only a passenger, and so, when the Hopewell struck, the captain and crew took to the long boat, and, paradoxically enough, alleging that I did not belong to the ship, left me in undisputed command of her."

"And you were picked off from the wreck afterwards, I presume?" said the querist.

"Within an ace of it, by a shot from a Dutch man of war, fired for no earthly reason that I could guess, except that I did not answer their first signal."

"You should have waved your handkerchief."

"I should have been waved myself, then," was the reply, "seeing that it was the only tie which bound me to life and the main-top-mast, from which it was not exactly convenient for me, just at that time, to part company."

"And pray, sir," continued the inquisitor, "how many hours did you continue in that perilous situation?"

"Upon my honour, sir, I am unable to answer your question with any degree of precision, as I committed my watch to the trusteeship of the deep, for the precious metals, however they may contribute to keep a man's head above water on the Royal Exchange, have a marvellously anti-buoyant tendency in the Atlantic. Besides, to let you into a secret, I had, at that particular juncture, a strong impression that Time and I had very nearly done with each other."

"And may I inquire, then, by what miracle you escaped?"

"By no miracle at all, sir, but by simply waiting until the tide turned, when the vessel was left, high and dry, upon the sand, and I took the opportunity of stepping on shore."

"Upon my word," exclaimed another of the party, "you were in high luck to have been able to hold out so long."

"Luck you call it?" replied the person addressed; "well, we will not cavil about terms; I have been accustomed to call it by another name though."

"But, sir," interrupted the first interrogator, "did the crew make no effort to save the cargo?"

"Oh, yes! their exertions were wonderful, and their success complete—in saving themselves, which they seemed to consider the most valuable part of it, and, as far as my observations went, they were about right, for, always excepting myself, there appeared to be little else in the ship worth caring for."

"The goods then must have been wretchedly packed."

"Quite the contrary, I assure you; had they been the crown jewels they could not have been more beautifully cased: I had the curiosity to examine a few of them while the tide was subsiding."

"And what, may I ask, were the contents?"

"Why the boxes, for the most part, contained mineralogical specimens—chiefly of silex or flint, which appeared an appropriate article of exportation to a country whither we had already sent so much steel."

"And the bales—what did they contain?"

"Oh! rags—principally rags, which I thought

also a very proper article of export from a country in which there appears a superfluity of the commodity."

"And do you imagine that the rest of the cargo was of the like materials?"

"Can't say as to the materials, but, I apprehend, of pretty much the same value, for I remarked that some of the inhabitants of the coast, who ran down to the wreck, at low water, to see if they could be useful, returned empty-handed."

"And pray, sir," continued the querist, "is it your opinion that the loss of the vessel was occasioned by the captain's bad management and ignorance of the coast?"

"Oh no! I never saw any thing better managed in my life, and nothing but a most intimate acquaintance with the seas could have enabled him to run her upon the only rock which was to be found within ten leagues of the spot."

"And do you think the captain and his crew got safely to land?"

"I have no reason to doubt it, for they chose a fine day and a fair wind for the excursion. Besides, I saw the captain, six months after, at New York, in high feather, and living away, *en prince*, at one of the principal hotels in the city."

"Indeed! that is somewhat extraordinary for a shipwrecked mariner: whence think you he derived the means?"

"I cannot, for the life of me, imagine; unless, by the way, it was from a huge pocket-book which I observed him to stow away carefully in his bosom, about ten minutes before he made the notable experiment on the ship's bottom."

"He must have been somewhat abashed at seeing you."

"Not a whit! he shook me cordially by the hand, alluded frankly to the auspicious circumstances in which he had left me, apologized for the oversight, and concluded by asking me to dinner."

"And you immediately denounced him to the police."

"Not I! for our brother Jonathan is much too jealous a dry nurse of his adopted children to admit of any interference in their education; so I sat down to a *partie quarrée*, consisting of the captain, his chief mate, an under secretary, and myself, and we laughed immeasurably over the clàret and the story of my escape."

"Upon my word, young gentleman," exclaimed the other, gravely, "that is what we should call, in England, compromising a felony."

"Very like it, I confess; but it was better than compromising my safety, and I knew my nautical friend too well not to feel assured that, if he had had the least suspicion of my attention to the cargo he left in my charge, he would scarcely have allowed me to quit America without some testimonial of his gratitude."

During this dialogue Gideon, who found the young gentleman so well informed on the subject under discussion as to render any explanation from himself superfluous, took an opportunity of withdrawing, leaving the matter entirely in the hands of the underwriters. The latter worthies held a consultation, continued by three several adjournments, which ended, on the fourth day, in their obtaining a warrant for

Gideon's apprehension. He, however, having only his own safety to consult, had availed himself of certain paper wings which he kept in his pocket-book, and had sailed from Gravesend, with a fair wind, on his passage to join the captain, just three days before the arrival of the officer in pursuit.

He was overtaken, however, not by Mr. Lavender, but by a storm, by which he was shipwrecked in good earnest, and found his way to New York, in so wretched and dilapidated a condition, that his old friend could not be prevailed on to believe he was the same person, and positively refused him assistance, alleging that it was a principle with him never to encourage impostors.

THE TWO DOROTHYS,

OR

THE RIVAL RELATIVES.

In some suburban place—I cannot tell
Precisely where, but think 't was Camberwell—
(I never had occasion to address her)
There flourish'd, says our tale, a goodly dame,
Hight Dolly Dump—a most patrician name—
Of mangling and clear-starching a professor:
But, in the latter mystery, particularly,
Was Mistress Dump reputed to excel,
Turning the muslins out of hand so well,
They'd stand up of themselves quite perpendicularly;
So that the village ladies deem'd it folly
To wear a dress that was not starch'd by Dolly.

But our clear-starcher's hands soon got so fu
Of business, she could not well get through it;
And so she took her niece from boarding-school,
Somewhere in Bermondsey, to help her do it;
And said, with liberality most rare,
By way of recompense for her exertion,
She 'd give her of the business a tenth share,
Besides the patent mangle in reversion.

The learn'd upon the latter's worth might wrangle—
  I 'll put the question—with the usual fee—
" Required : The value of a patent mangle
  Devolving at A's death, aged 53."

This niece was Dolly's namesake, although she a
  Dislike contracted for the appellation,
  And, with a school-girl's venial affectation,
Always subscribed her letters " Dorothea."
And, by your kind permission, we will take
The name she sported, for distinction's sake,
Lest, in the course of our romantic piece,
We make confusion between aunt and niece.
In spite of many rivals which environ
  Successful traders, the clear-starching firm
  Went on, in strictest union, for a term,
Smoothing their path through life with a hot iron.

Yes, they jogg'd on quite friendly, for a season,
And Mistress Dump had not the slightest reason
  To be dissatisfied with her probationer ;
And they till now had lived in unanimity,
But for the most unfortunate proximity
  Of one Orlando Overstitch, a fashioner
Of gentlemen's external decorations,
  One of the honourable craft of tailors,
  That often-slander'd race, whom graceless railers
Call by the most injurious appellations.
Orlando lived, my Muse forgot to tell,
Next door to the said dame and demoiselle.

Our tailor's Tartarus was four feet square
Exposed to sun, and ill supplied with air,

So that, pursuing his sartorial labours,
Orlando, like his goose, was hissing hot,
But one remove from fusion: so 't was not
A marvel he should scorch his next door neighbours,
Who fell in love with him to desperation;
Each spreading every lure to gain the prize
In Cupid's lottery, which, of course, gave rise
To frequent quarrels and intense flirtation.
I have not space t' enumerate the follies
Committed by this precious pair of Dollys.

Ill fated man! they constantly beset him,
Smirking and smiling so whene'er they met him,
And asking him, three times a week, to tea there;
While he all sorts of sweets was made to stuff in,
Drench'd with bohea, and nearly choked with muffin,
And dreading to be left alone with either,
They made such furious love to him—each art
Putting in practice to ensnare his heart,
And would not take a hint, although he said he
Had n't stowage for a wife, and, truly, what
Great need had he of either, who had got
A goose on his establishment already?

Our Snip was no Adonis, it is true—
His legs were a parenthesis (two bows)
From sitting cross-legg'd probably; his nose
Was pointed like a nail, and measured two.
But these were trifles, and our womankind
Are most indulgent creatures, and perfection
Discover in the men of their election,
To which our own sex are perversely blind.

THE RIVALS.

I 've heard it urged, indeed, although I don't
  Believe a word of the insinuation,
That matrimony's silken chains are wont
  T' abate some portion of their admiration.

But on the ladies' charms 't is perhaps my duty
To say one word, though I 'm no judge of beauty:
Aunt sported of moustaches a huge pair,
  As though her lip with bear's grease were anointed;
She 'd bristles on her chin, whose every hair
  Was like a darning-needle, and as pointed,
Guarding th' Hyblæan nectar of her lip
From those who 'd rashly dare its sweets to sip.
  Her niece, though certes not one half so bulky,
Was somewhat dumpy, as her name imported;
And then she 'd pouting lips, too, which consorted
  With Dorothea's temper, which was sulky.

Now similarity of tastes, 't is said,
  Conduces much to harmony and peace,
  And so it may with some, though, 't wixt our niece
And her enamour'd relative, it led
  To very dire and bellicose dissensions;
While Snip, who witness'd many a fearful round,
Would tremble in his slippers when he found
  Himself the subject of their fierce contentions.
Never were ladies better match'd, for each
  Could boast of language marvellous facility,
Ringing the changes in the parts of speech
  With the most energetic volubility.

Snip's was no enviable situation,
He having for a spouse no inclination;

Nay, had preferr'd, had he been made to choose,
The hempen to the Hymeneal noose:
His notions on the subject, I confess,
Were carried to a culpable excess.
And yet, 't would seem, poor Overstitch was fated,
In spite of his aversions, to be mated.
What could he do? thus fearfully beset,
  And nearly pull'd in half 'twixt aunt and niece,
Although, by such partition, they 'd but get
  The eighteenth portion of a man a-piece.

At last, in great perplexity of mind,
The persecuted tailor seem'd inclined
To choose the less of the two ills, and one
Weigh'd more than t' other by at least six stone;
For he, one summer's evening, on which he a
Long interview had had with Dorothea,
As though the melting twilight did impart
Its softness to Orlando's yielding heart,
Engaged to knock, next morn, at the front door,
  And take her off to church, his hand to give her;
But Snip, impatient, rose two hours before,
  And went off in a transport—to Swan River.

THE BULL AND THE BOTANISTS.

Sir Benjamin Boreas was an Admiral of the Blue, and a Grand Cross of the Bath, who feared no earthly thing but a lawyer, horned cattle, and the gout. His antipathy to the last two may be accounted for on rational grounds, but it is not quite so easy to assign a reason for his dislike to the first, seeing that an attorney is the most universally useful thing in life. Most men resort to him when they take a wife, and he is indispensable in getting rid of one. If a man have the misfortune to have his head broken in a fray, he usually calls on his attorney in his way to the doctor, and resorts to ink and parchment, in priority to vinegar and brown paper.

Sir Benjamin had seen some service, or rather felt it, for he lost a limb at Trafalgar, a circumstance, however, upon which he was said to have felicitated himself, on the score of its having procured him, not only a pension, but a wooden leg, the latter being a sovereign charm against having the gout in both feet.

The Admiral had a wife whom he took when he was made a commander, a title, which, it is rumoured, she was in the habit of disputing with him, and which, consequently, he could never be said to enjoy but when he was afloat. The custom of excluding a wife from the list of naval stores, has, doubtless, its

origin in the individual experience of the Lords of the Admiralty of the propensity in the dear sex to relieve their husbands of the trouble of management on all feasible occasions, and an apprehension that there might be more battles fought on board the ship than might consist with the glory of the nation at large, and of the captain in particular. I have heard it advanced, but I most vehemently protest against the calumny implied, that the anxiety of some officers for employment is attributable to the custom alluded to.

Sir Benjamin had a daughter, whom he named Europa, after the frigate into which he was posted. Ropy, as her father, who was an economist in syllables, and never sacrificed brevity to elegance, was wont to call her, was a plump, cherry-cheeked girl, with a pug nose, and a passionate admiration of Byron and botany. She doated on the Corsair, and was perfectly horrified by the assertion of the Admiral, that, if he had ever come athwart the noble Conrad in a cruize, he would have strung him up at the yard-arm, without judge or jury. She was of a somewhat romantic temperament withal, as are most women, more or less, once in their lives, and twice if they remain single, namely, at fifteen, and five-and-forty.

At the conclusion of the war, Sir Benjamin was of course laid up in ordinary; so he betook himself to the country, purchased a snug estate, and commenced farmer. To most other occupations men deem it requisite to serve some sort of apprenticeship; but agriculture, it would seem, is the simplest thing in life, as it is only to put the seed into the ground, and wait patiently until it comes up.

The Admiral was very successful in the character of Cincinnatus, and never lost, upon the average, more than five hundred a-year, besides the interest of the capital invested; in return for which, however, he had the pleasure of eating bread from his own corn, for it was never marketable, and killing his own mutton, which he usually contrived to do by allowing his sheep to feed upon rape until they were blown, and died of the vertigo.

It happened, one day, that Europa had prevailed upon Sir Benjamin and his lady to accompany her in a botanizing expedition, and, as the plant she was in quest of was not to be found in their own fields, they ventured into the paddock of their neighbour, where they were so fortunate as to meet with the object of their search. The young lady was in the act of descanting on the peculiarities of the plant, and astonishing her papa, who had, all his life, been accustomed to call a cabbage a cabbage, by her scientific phraseology, when they were startled by a sound as of distant thunder, and, looking up, perceived, within a few yards of them, a bull, with a neck as thick as a windlass, bowing and scraping to them in the politest manner possible.

Without waiting to learn the purport of his embassy, the ladies took to their heels, and the Admiral to his crutches, and started off, in the true *sauve qui peut* fashion, Europa, in particular, in spite of her romantic propensities, having no ambition to fulfil the destinies of her classical namesake. The bull, indignant, perhaps, at the unceremonious manner in which his *advances* were treated, pursued the fugitives at the top of his speed. At this juncture,

Cæsar, Ropy's dog, with a courage becoming rather his name than his size, made a furious attack upon the common enemy, and effected a momentary diversion in their favour; though, poor dog! diversion it was none to him, for the bull caught him on his horns, and tossed him up to the sky, where, I presume, he was made a constellation, in reward of his fidelity, for my informer does not state that he ever came down again.

The object to which the trio directed their speed was a stile, at one end of the field, over which Lady Boreas contrived to scramble, and got a soft tumble in a muddy lane on the opposite side. Her daughter, however, was not blessed with her mother's luck, for, running foul of her father's crutch, the good ship Europa capsized, and came down upon her beam-ends, having previously carried away her head gear. Meanwhile the Admiral, although he, at last, reached the stile, was unable to get over it, and stood, with his wooden leg stuck out at a right angle with his body, in an agony of wrath and fear, and devoutly wishing botany at Botany Bay. The bull, having provided for Cæsar's apotheosis, was rapidly bearing down upon them, when, at that critical moment, Hope hove in sight, in the person of a dairy-maid; and not more welcome was the goddess who, in the days of Troy, descended upon the battle-plain to snatch her offspring from his victorious foes, than was Deborah to the Admiral. The cream of milk-maids saw his danger from some distance, and, fearing that, by the aid of two legs, she might not arrive on the field of action in time for the rescue, dispatched a messenger on three, in the shape of her

AN ENEMY BEARING DOWN—HOPE IN THE DISTANCE.

milking-stool, which, being addressed, if not to the bull's reason, to the seat of it, struck him directly between the horns, and caused such a confusion in his ideas, that, before he could arrange them, the knight and his daughter effected their passage over the stile, and thus an Admiral of the Blue, and a Knight Grand Cross, who had distinguished himself in thirteen engagements, was indebted for his inglorious safety to a milk-maid.

Indeed, so little desirous was Sir Benjamin that this anecdote should be appended to the catalogue of his exploits, that, when he slipped a couple of guineas into Deborah's hand, by way of salvage, he took occasion to insinuate that the merit of a good deed is considerably enhanced by the secrecy of the performer; a hint which, to the honour of her gratitude and discretion be it recorded, was not thrown away upon the damsel, who imparted the occurrence to only three persons, of whom I had the distinguished good fortune to be one.

FIRE AND WATER,

OR

THE MAN IN THE SUN.

In by-gone days, a widow, who
  Some years had lost her spouse,
Dwelt on the pleasant banks of Thames,
  And kept a public-house,

Some miles below where London's tow'r
  Its smoky crest uprears;
And where, a melancholy sight!
  The ships are all in *tiers*.

Our honest widow dealt in no
  Adulterated slops,
But all the ale she sold was brew'd
  From genuine malt and hops.

She had good wine, too, though she kept
  Cape for the humbler sort,
Who did not mind the stomach-ache,
  And could not pay for Port.

Then for liqueurs—she 'd quite a name
  For pink and white Noyeau,
For Kirschwasser and Marasquin,
  Eau d'or and Curaçoa.

TOO HOT AND TOO LATE.

She sported, too, on holidays,
  Some extra pelf to win her,
An ordinary, where she gave
  No ordinary dinner.

And Prue her guests—for she from nought
  In reason did prohibit 'em—
Allow'd a pint of ale per throat,
  And table-beer *ad libitum*.

What crowds, in summer-time, I 've seen
  Go toiling up the hill
Which led to the "Queen's Arms," to get
  For eighteen-pence their fill.

Bank-clerks, attorneys, citizens,
  Lieutenants on half-pay,
And poor stipendiary divines,
  By far worse off than they.

The dame—her name was Prudence Wright—
  Had one peculiarity,
Which, for one in her line of life,
  You 'll deem a special rarity.

Of all familiar household sins
  Abhorring most ebriety,
She kept, in parlour, bar, and tap,
  The rigidest propriety.

She ne'er, she vow'd, in spite of all
  The sneers of graceless scoffers,
Would live by others' sins, and fill
  With Satan's pence her coffers.

And, when a guest, in her esteem,
  Enough had wash'd his throttle,
She 'd serve him not another drop,
  From barrel, keg, or bottle.

Thus she went on, dispensing ale,
  And drunkard's reprimanding,
And yet, though strange, most true it is,
  She prosper'd notwithstanding.

Dick Tinder hight, a fireman stout,
  Had a warm birth, as one
Must needs have had who 'd been ten years,
  And upwards, in the Sun.

Whereby his clay so porous grew—
  'Twas sure enough to dry him—
He drank—you 'd doubt me did I name
  The quantity *per diem*.

He plied a wherry on the Thames:
  With his hard gains he 'd bought her;
He well deserved his bread who thus
  Won it through fire and water.

Nor could the strictest censor e'er
  With Richard's ethics quarrel,
In each relation of his life
  He was so very moral.

As he should be who 'd been so oft
  To Gravesend with the tide,
With but a plank 'twixt him and death,
  And skulls on either side.

FIRE AND WATER.

Dick Tinder stopp'd at Prudence Wright's,
  One day, his thirst to quench,
And, calling for his pipe and pot,
  Sat down upon a bench.

And while, from his tobacco-pipe,
  Full many a whiff he blew,
He drank as though he meant to take
  A pipe of liquor too.

Dame Prudence stared, and set him down
  The most depraved of sots,
While Richard had but ta'en his few
  Preliminary pots.

But when he sent the waiter-boy
  Unto the bar, for more,
Prue lost all patience, and ran out
  To rate him at the door.

I love a woman's eloquence,
  So racy 't is, and flowing;
And then her tongue 's so nicely hung,
  The least touch sets it going.

Some shine in pathos—some excel
  More in vituperation;
And Prue on Richard pour'd the storm
  Of virtuous indignation.

And when she 'd call'd the fireman by
  All sorts of sottish names,
She bade him, if his thirst was sore,
  Go quench it in the Thames.

Quoth Dick, "I had my fill of that,
  And so in vain you preach,
Old girl, when I fell overboard,
  One day, in Chelsea Reach.

"Call me not drunkard," Dick pursues
  In wrath, "why, bless you, ma'am,
I only takes pure hops and malt,
  I scorns to drink a dram.

"And of that same, I never takes
  No more than what's befitting,
Because as how I only drinks
  To keep my clay from splitting.

"I scorns a chap, as much as you,
  What drinks till he gets muddled;
But there's no man what lives can say
  He's seen Dick Tinder fuddled."

Dick was a bachelor, and stood
  Six feet without his shoes,
And was, withal, a proper man
  As single dame might choose.

Prue eyed him with a soften'd look;
  "A man who stands," thought she,
"So boldly in his own defence,
  Will take good care of me."

So in she went, and quick return'd,
  A foaming tankard handing;
And soon there grew, between the two,
  A better understanding.

I know not how he woo'd and won,
  My story goes thus far,
That, bent on his promotion, Prue
  Call'd Richard to the bar.

And in three months, in Hymen's bands,
  Subdued by woman's charms,
Stout Richard Tinder left the Sun,
  And went to the Queen's Arms.

And many years in peace they lived,
  And kept the public-house,
While Dick remain'd a sober, though
  A very thirsty spouse.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

It was on the morning of the second day of the long vacation, that, having performed the necessary, though somewhat obsolete duty of paying my last debt, not to Nature, but to my washerwoman, I was chipping my second egg, and ruminating upon the manner in which I should dispose of the eighteen pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence remaining to me of my quarterly allowance.

I had been shut up, for six mortal months, feeding, with no very keen appetite, upon Blackstone, *et hoc genus omne*, and was longing to exchange the prospect of the black walls of Pump Court, for that of the green fields or blue ocean, and had regarded, with feelings approaching to envy, some two or three of my young legal acquaintances, with their cloaks on their arms, and luggage-laden porters at their backs, hurrying under my window, in the double excitement of anticipated pleasure, and the apprehension of being too late for the coach. But eighteen pounds, thought I, plunging the sovereigns into one end of my purse, and the fifteen shillings and sixpence into the other, will carry me but a little way, and before I have gone the length of my golden tether, I must e'en turn and come back again. Quarter-day, too, was distant, and my coming to years of discretion, which my

uncle, when he made me his heir, had, somewhat prematurely, fixed at five-and-twenty, was still more remote, and I could not readily reconcile myself to the example of my friend H * * * *, who, not having the *materiel* for a rural excursion, pledged his watch to procure it, which he facetiously termed travelling on tick, being determined, as he said, "to take no note of time" on his journey. I was roused from my reverie by the matutinal assault of the postman upon the chin of the monstrous libel on the "human face divine," which "grins horribly" upon the outer door of my chambers, and a letter was put into my hands from a young country gentleman, whom, when a perfect stranger to me, I had had the good fortune to extricate from a dilemma which would have proved troublesome and expensive. The missive contained an invitation, in language which scarcely admitted of evasion, for me to spend a few weeks at "The Grange," the residence, and with some five or six hundred acres, the property of his father. Nothing could be more opportune; to scrawl a letter of acceptance, and to dispatch Thomas to the coach-office, were simultaneous operations; and to stuff a detachment from my wardrobe into the smallest possible compass was my next, but, assuredly, not easiest task. Twenty times did I pack and unpack the few requisites for my journey, and, at last, had the satisfaction of discovering that my portmanteau would not come together by an inch; nor was it until I had rolled up the feet of a pair of Hoby's in their upper leathers, in convolutions which threatened immolation to their symmetry, that I succeeded in getting every thing snugly under hatches.

On the following morning, by dint of no ordinary exertion, I contrived to get to the Inn three minutes before the coach started, and, at the very instant of leaving the yard, recollected I had left my dressing-case at my chambers. I amused myself by mentally discussing the comparative conveniences of the village barber and a reaping-hook, the alternative which, I presumed, the outlandish country whither I was proceeding would present, until we arrived at the White Horse Cellar, where, to my inexpressible joy, I was met by Thomas with the forgotten portion of my baggage.

Setting the chance of having one's neck broken against the hazard of being parboiled or blown up, give me the box seat of an English stage, with four gallant bays before me, and they may travel by steam who will. At all events, there is something more natural in being flung quietly upon the lap of our common mother earth, than in being dispatched as an *impromptu* to the prince of air. My travelling companions were an artillery officer, who, with the exception of a few questions *speered* at the coachman as to the proprietorship of the mansions on our road, maintained a dignified silence, and a worthy unsophisticated couple, whom, from certain indications of connoisseurship in the articles of sheep and oxen, I take to have been a butcher and his fatter half. The dimensions of the lady would have warranted the coach-proprietors in charging for her as a double *fair*, reckoning either by weight or solid contents.

On our changing horses at the fourth stage, it was pretty evident that, as far as regarded one of the animals at least, we had not changed for the better,

STEERING.

The off-leader, had he happened to have been born with two legs instead of four, would, doubtless, have proved a distinguished logician, for a more self-opinionated brute was never foaled. For fifteen minutes, by the town clock, he resisted every persuasive to locomotion, though applied with much assiduity and address to his flank, answering every argument of the coachman by laying his ears flat upon his neck, and shaking his head in the most contumacious manner possible. When, however, he did think proper to start, it was with the evident intention of making up for lost time, and he accordingly dashed out of the town at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, his yoke-fellows, like brutes of spirit, scorning to be left behind. This laudable emulation might have produced no worse effect than bringing us sooner to the end of our journey, but for an old admiral who was seated, with his wife, in a sort of curricle, in shape more like the shell chariot of Neptune than any other description of vehicle, and drawn by two animals, which capered and plunged about rather after the fashion of sea-horses than decent beasts of burthen. The old gentleman, who either was not on good terms with his steeds, or steered them rather according to the rules of navigation than of turnpike roads, bore down upon us, and ran the pole of his carriage right athwart that of our's. The consequences of this portentous concussion of the poles were obvious; our vehicle upset, and, after experiencing a pretty smart shock, I found myself in utter darkness, and, Atlas-like, with the weight of the universe on my shoulders. I was, in fact, fast locked in the arms of the slaughteress of beeves, and

stretched upon a bank sloping towards a river at the distance of about forty yards, in the direction of which, when I had disengaged myself from her embraces, she rolled off with incredible velocity, and, but for the friendly interposition of a tough old dock-weed, which I instinctively grasped, I should certainly have followed *in rotation*. Luckily, however, for the revolutionary dame, there was a hedge of alders, upon the banks of the stream, which saved her from drowning, and the surrounding country from inundation by the water which such an avalanche of flesh must necessarily have displaced.

Fortunately, neither passengers nor coach sustained any serious injury, and we proceeded on our journey, which terminated safely at the small market-town of A****, the nearest point, in the line of road, to the place of my ultimate destination. On repairing to the Inn, to which I had been referred, I had some difficulty in obtaining an audience of the landlady, so entirely was she engrossed by the attentions of an Irish Major of Infantry; and, when I succeeded in attracting her notice, had the mortification to find that my friend was not in attendance to convey me to his dwelling. On inquiring the distance, I was informed that it was "a good seven miles," the way, for the most part, lying over a pathless common. Could I have a post-chaise? no; the only one in the place was under repair. I next asked for a man who could act as guide, and carry my portmanteau. My inquiry, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, produced a person who undertook both these important duties, but whose efforts at progression, when he had, with some difficulty, succeeded in getting

BAR PRACTICE.

my luggage on his shoulders, were certainly not those of a man who would attain a given point by the shortest possible road. In fact, like the ale barrel he had assisted in exhausting, he rolled about before me in a manner truly formidable, his digressions being bounded only by the wall on either side of the street. The night, too, was setting in with a small misty rain. Fortunately, however, we had scarcely cleared the town, when my friend overtook me in his chaise, into which I was soon stowed, with my luggage, and was speedily transported to the residence of my entertainers.

The family had retired to rest, and, after partaking of some refreshment, I followed their example. But, alas! the day's adventures did not end there. After having been occupied for some time in arranging my wardrobe, I divested myself of my habiliments, and was about to extinguish the candle, when I recollected that I had left my unfortunate dressing-case in the apartment where I had supped. Being unwilling to disturb the family, and, at the same, desirous of having all my materials for adonising about me in readiness for the morning, I took the light, proceeded down stairs, repossessed myself of the case, and was returning through a gallery, into which several of the sleeping apartments of the family opened, when I was startled by a low growl, and, at the same instant, was seized in the rear, happily by my garment only, by a prodigious mastiff. In my consternation, I dropped the dressing-case, the noise of which, and the growling of the dog, caused the instant projection of sundry night-capped and marvelling faces from the several doors by which I was surrounded. The pertinacity of the

animal, and the toughness of the calico, for some time rendered abortive all my attempts at extrication. At length, maddened by shame and anger, I made a furious effort, and regained my apartment, leaving the title-deeds of my shirt, written at the corner in indelible ink, in the jaws of the mastiff, and congratulating myself, rather upon my not having also carried away *marks* from the field, than on my premature introduction to the family, which I would willingly have pretermitted until the next morning. As it was, however, I had only to tumble into bed, and get to sleep, as soon as the repeated explosions of the ill-suppressed, and, to my thinking, equally ill-timed, merriment of the spectators of my dignified exhibition would permit me.

GETTING CASH FOR NOTES.

THE INFANT PRODIGY.

THOUGH the fiddlers of old beat us hollow,
  Who made, by their harmonies thrilling,
Brute beasts on their footsteps to follow,
  And set a whole forest quadrilling,

There are yet, in our *corps dramatique*,
  To those worthies most skilful successors;
And in some, who, like Sandy Macsqueak,
  Are peripatetic professors.

But, of modern musicians of note,
  There was one who gain'd riches and glory
So quickly that, Sir, I 'll devote
  A stanza or two to his story.

Dicky Chaunt was a genius, and took
  To the musical art very soon;
Squall'd by note for his supper, and shook
  The bells of his coral to tune.

Not a moment, 't would seem, did he waste,
  Since we find him performing an air,
With great execution and taste,
  On a trumpet he 'd bought at a fair.

Next our hero his talents display'd
  The kitchen utensils among;
Of the tongs a triangle he made,
  While the warming-pan served for a gong.

His Pandeans he made, flat and sharp,
  With the pipes of the housekeeper's keys;
And, by way of Æolian harp,
  Hung the gridiron up in the breeze.

His mamma, who deem'd this exhibition
  Of talent exceedingly rare,
Resolved, when he 'd finish'd dentition,
  To make the metropolis stare.

So her pet, on her knee, by the stage,
  With his hair interestingly curl'd,
Reach'd London, which is, I 'll engage,
  The best prodigy mart in the world.

She laid out, of course, the first week,
  A few guineas in puffs paragraphic,
Describing his touch *magnifique*,
  And his voice absolutely seraphic.

The town dotes upon monsters: to see a
  New sight how the show-room they cram!
From the great Hottentot Cytherea,
  To the marvellous twins of Siam.

In the course of a fortnight or so,
  All London was perfectly wild,
And, by dozens, the sight-hunters go
  To look at the "Wonderful Child."

And patrons, in all ranks and stations,
  On our hero look'd smilingly down;
And he got, every night, invitations
  From the first lion-feeders in town.

'T was in vain to plead head-ache, or cold,
His inviters would take no denial,
Although, like poor Echo of old,
He was "*vox et præterea nihil.*"

From this rout to that he was lugg'd,
With sweetmeats and sugar-plums fed,
By young and old duchesses hugg'd,
While Royalty patted his head.

For some time, among nobles and kings,
Our musician made no little racket,
Till, at last, in the nature of things,
He outgrew both his fame and his jacket.

So his business got slack, not, forsooth,
That he was a whit the less clever,
But because they could n't keep the poor youth
In the same pair of breeches for ever.

No more, as they might have foreseen,
In boudoirs of high damsels display'd he,
Since caressing a boy of eighteen
Is not quite *comme il faut* for a lady.

So he made the best use of his knowledge,
And, by means of an adequate fee,
Imported, from some foreign college,
A doctor of music's degree.

And as soon as the title he 'd ta'en,
He set up as a teacher of singing,
And 't was not very long ere again
The town with his praises was ringing.

For he gave public lectures, and such
  Was his excellent mode of tuition,
That his practice increased very much
  Among folk of each sex and condition.

A rich dame 'mong his pupils appear'd,
  With an eye lighted up by sly Cupid,
Who said, with a sigh, that she fear'd
  He 'd find her exceedingly stupid.

But he taught her to sing: in return
  The maiden taught him how to woo,
Which, from all that I ever could learn,
  Is the easier art of the two.

So Richard his inamorata
  Took to wife, and the lady, 't is said,
Forgetting duet and cantata,
  Sings "Lullaby baby" instead.

A TIMEKEEPER.

LOVE IN A BOX.

Terence O'Connor was, as his name imports, an Irishman, which means a brave, reckless, good-natured fellow, six feet high, with a light purse, a lighter heart, and a smile and a kind word for every woman he meets, old or young, gentle or simple, handsome or ugly. He had, moreover, served, with distinction, in the Peninsula, fought at Waterloo, and, at the conclusion of the war, retired from active service, to the regret of the whole regiment, and of the mess in particular, with half-pay, a captain's commission, and the wreath of victory on his brow in the shape of a sabre cut.

Irishmen are not celebrated as economists, but Terence made his half-pay go farther than most persons, for he took one quarter of it to Padua, and desired his agent to send the rest after him, as it became due.

He had, at first, retired to his native village in the county Tipperary, determining to turn his sword into a reaping-hook, lead a quiet life, and eschew politics. But "*in medio tutissimus*" is a proverb in marvellous disrepute in Ireland, as Terence found to his cost, for, refusing to join either party, he made enemies of both, had his barn fired by a mob of drunken Orangemen, on a rejoicing night, and his horse shot under him

by Captain Rock. Accordingly, one fine summer morning, he set out on his travels with his knapsack at his back, the aforesaid quarter's pay in his pocket, and a pair of legs which could carry him at the rate of five-and-twenty miles a day "with all the pleasure in life."

Padua, as every body knows, is a fortified city in Italy, and Italy is the place, of all others, for making love. One becomes enamoured of the climate at first sight, and those who are fond of olives and olive complexions are sure of finding both in great abundance and variety. Love appears to be the business of all the women and half the men, and is carried on in the most systematic manner possible.

In England, we have those convenient volumes intituled "Universal Letter-writers," in which, among some hundreds of epistles, on various subjects, it will go hard if a person cannot find one adapted to his or her peculiar case; but, in Italy, where the ladies, in particular, are not remarkable for their literary acquirements, they have a contrivance of much more general utility, in the shape of public scribes or amanuenses. These accommodating gentlemen station themselves in the streets, and undertake, for a moderate fee, to translate into bad Italian "words that breathe, and thoughts that burn." I mention this fact to prove the vast superiority possessed by the Italians over ourselves in the facilities for making love.

An Irishman, go where he will, is sure to find friends, or to make them, which is the same thing; and Terence had not been three days in Padua before he stumbled on a Tuscan officer, formerly in the French service, to whom he was indebted for the memoran-

THE ITALIAN SCRIBE.

dum he carried away from the field of Talavera on his forehead. The old acquaintances recognized each other at first sight, and were overjoyed at the meeting. The Tuscan, who was as brave and as poor as himself, instructed him in the *savoir vivre* in Padua, put him in the way of getting cheap lodgings, and, what was equally essential to his convenience and comfort, taught him to call the necessaries of life by their Italian designations.

Terence was sauntering, one evening, through the streets of Padua, when he was surprised by the unwonted sound of his own language, pronounced with a strong Irish accent, and proceeding from a balcony under which he happened to be standing.

"Raal Tipperary, by the powers!" exclaimed Terence, who never heard the brogue without catching the infection, looking up and getting a glimpse of a countenance as beautiful as the morning, but which was almost immediately withdrawn. "O, then, it's as like as itself, and so it is," continued Terence, "but who would have thought of the broad Tipperary brogue finding its way out of that elegant little mouth of your's, my darling!"

Terence, obeying the impulse of the moment, rather than the dictates of prudence, and assisted by some projections in the architecture of the house, climbed up to the balcony, and, pushing his head through the plants which it contained, brought his face almost in contact with the visage of an old man, with a beard as long and as white as a goat's, and a physiognomy to match, whose fiery eyes glared fiercely at him, through a pair of enormous spectacles. "Murder!" exclaimed the Captain, loosing his hold, and dropping into the street, to the great peril of his limbs, as if,

to use his own expression, he had seen the "horned divil;" and, indeed, it required some exertion of his reasoning powers to convince him that the arch-fiend had not allured him by the sound of the brogue, and the sight of a pretty woman, and then appeared to him in *propriâ personâ*.

On relating his adventure to his friend the Gallo-Italian officer, the mystery was explained to him. The personage who bore so amiable a resemblance to Terence's idea of the "horned divil" was no other than a Jew who had amassed considerable wealth by his commercial transactions. The female was a christian and an orphan, whom, with a considerable fortune, her late father had, for some reasons which were never explained, left in the guardianship of Nathan. The young lady had been of age for some months, but it was reported that Nathan had, upon various pretences, evaded her request to be sent to her friends in England, his real motive, however, being his reluctance to part from the fortune which he must, necessarily, have resigned at the same time. It was even generally believed that he kept her confined to the house, for she was never seen beyond its walls. The voice which had so powerfully awakened the national sympathies of Terence proceeded from Norah, her waiting-maid.

Some days after this occurrence, the lady and her attendant were sitting one evening at a window, when the former, after a long silence, exclaimed, with a sigh,

"Heigho! I wonder how long Nathan intends to keep me shut up in this prison; he seems to have taken a vast fancy to my company?"

"Arrah, now, Miss Julia, *a grah*," replied the waiting-maid, "it is not your company he cares a

tinpenny about, and it's no disparagement to your own pretty face I mane. Is n't it the fortin he must send along with you that sticks to his dirty fingers, the thief of the world?"

"O, Norah! he might keep the money and welcome, if he would but set me free; for liberty is sweeter than gold," rejoined her mistress.

"Then it's myself would be soon putting the salt say between us," said Norah.

"It is easy to talk of escaping," resumed Julia, "but not quite so easy to find one's way out of Nathan's door."

"Faith! then, I'd be shewing him the way through the window," was the answer.

"There were little use in that, Norah," Julia observed, with a sigh, "for what should I do in this great city without a friend?"

"O, then, it's the hard word ye're saying, Miss Julia, and myself here to the fore, that would follow you over the wide world," exclaimed the faithful girl.

"Nay, my good Norah, it were a poor return for your attachment, to involve you in my misfortunes."

"O, then, it's a nate sort of a body ye're taking me for, to be thinking I'd stay here, all alone by myself, with ould Nathan and big Benjamin, bad luck to his black beard! O, if I could but get speech of the Tipperary Captain, would n't I be letting him into the secret."

"The Tipperary Captain, as you call him," said her mistress with a smile, "seems to run pretty much in your thoughts. I am sure you can have no reason

for supposing that he would trouble himself in the matter, Norah."

"No reason, is it? And was n't it himself that came flying into the window, the other night, with a hop, step, and a jump, when Nathan poked his ugly beard into his face, and sent him skipping back into the street as if he 'd seen ould Nick; for it is n't flesh and blood that would frighten a Tipperary man, I 'll engage for him. But, sure enough, he has found out his mistake, for it 's himself that passes the house, three times a day, and looks up at your own pretty face like a starved dog at a leg of mutton. But come away from the window, Miss Julia, *avourneen*, for here's Nathan, with his long beard and his bunch of keys, and two porters behind him, with a big box swinging between them upon a pole."

It was about an hour after the Jew had caused the package to be carefully deposited in his house, and had gone out again, that Norah came running up to her mistress, exclaiming, "O murder! murder! Miss Julia, murder! murder!"

"What 's the matter now?" inquired the lady, who was too well accustomed to Norah's notes of admiration to be much alarmed by them.

"O, then, there 's the divil or a Tipperary man in a dale box down in the big parlour there?" said Norah.

"Are your countrymen and the personage you name so much alike that you cannot distinguish them, Norah?" asked her mistress, with a smile.

"Arrah, now, how would I know the *differ* through a dale board? But there he is, singing vespers at

LOVE IN A BOX.

the top of his voice, to the tune of 'Moll Roe in the Morning.'"

"Impossible!" exclaimed her mistress.

"O, then, if it 's doubt me ye do, go and listen to him yourself, *a cuishla*," said Norah.

"Not I, indeed," replied Julia, "it is only one of those musical pieces of mechanism in which the Jew deals, and you, like a silly girl as you are, have been meddling with the stops."

"Is it stops ye mane?" inquired the waiting-maid. "O, then, may I never do a good turn, if, when I kicked the box, he did n't sing the faster."

"Nonsense, girl!" was the rejoinder, "your superstition or your fear has converted the sound of the instrument into the human voice."

"May be ye 're right, Miss Julia, *a lanna machree*, and it is not for the likes of me to be saying ye 're not; only the tune stopped short, in the middle of a verse, to ax me to be letting it out: and it 's a civil spoken thing enough, any how, for it called me a dear, iligant, charming creature."

"I begin to fear," resumed her mistress, "that the worst part of your apprehensions is well founded, Norah, since, without any disparagement to the quicksightedness of your countrymen, I think a gentleman of Tipperary would hardly be able to form so accurate an estimate of your charms through the deal board you speak of. However, we will go and see: there may be something in it, after all."

"And if there is n't," said Norah, "it 's the noisiest piece of emptiness I ever saw in all my born days."

On proceeding to the apartment in which the

package was deposited, Julia soon discovered that there was more truth in Norah's report than she had given her credit for.

"Arrah, now," says Norah, "is it yourself that's in the big box there, disturbing the pace of a dacent family?"

"Faith and it is," was the reply, "and it's glad enough I'd be to get out of it."

"May be," rejoined Norah, "ye'd first be telling us how ye got into it."

"O, then, don't be bothering me! can't ye see I have n't room to open my mouth? but let me out of the box, and it's myself will be letting ye into the secret."

"O, then, it's kilt and murdered we'll be entirely!" exclaimed Norah.

"Is it killing ye mane?" said the voice: "then it's a big lie ye're telling, for I've given up the trade this twelvemonth; by the same token, I'm on half-pay."

"What's your name?" inquired the waiting-maid.

"Terence O'Connor, of Castle-Bog, in the county Tipperary, a captain in his Majesty's service, and long life to him, and late of the fifty-fourth regiment of foot."

"Sir," said Julia, taking up the conversation, "if you are what you represent yourself, a British officer, it is difficult to imagine aught of you but what is honourable, but really the circumstances are so extraordinary that I scarcely know how to act. It is certainly a most awkward situation."

"I 'll engage ye 'd find it so," was the reply, "if ye 'd your legs in your lap, as mine are at this present."

"I dare say," continued Julia," your intentions are upright——"

"Ah, then, upon my word and conscience, that 's more than I could say for myself, or any other gentleman in the same *case*," said the Captain.

"It is certainly a hard one," observed the lady.

"Then, may be, ye 'd split it open with the poker, my darling, if there 's one convenient," was the reply.

"Is it split it with the poker ye mane?" said Norah, resuming her part in the dialogue. "O, then, it 's your own goose's head would be mighty like the box with a big hole in it, and it 's cracked enough already it is. But wait while I go fetch a tinpenny nail, and then, may be, we 'll find work for the poker."

Norah soon returned with the implement she named, and, applying it to the lid of the box, began to hammer away with great energy and success, until she was interrupted by the exclamation of "Asy, now, asy, *ma colleen*, ye 're driving the big nail into my shoulder. Wrench it a trifle—wait now, while I give it a lift—that 's it—long life to an Irishman's back, and the kitchen poker! Madam," he continued, bowing to Julia, "your most obedient, and ten thousand pardons for the brogue; but the truth is, it 's as catching as a fever, and I never hear the sound of it but it sticks to my tongue for a month after."

"May I crave to know," inquired Julia, "to what we are indebted for the honour of a visit made under circumstances so extraordinary?"

"To tell you the truth, Madam," replied Terence, "I do n't shine much in an explanation, but I 'll try my hand at one for the sake of the sweet lips that ask it. Well, then, you must know, it 's reported in Padua here, that the bolts of Nathan's street door are a trifle too rusty to be drawn by those delicate fingers of your's; in other words, that he 's indulging you with the pleasure of his society, without paying you the compliment of consulting your taste in the matter. So it struck me that it was not quite the proper thing for a gentleman who bears his Majesty's commission to be taking it easy while a fellow subject was shut up all alone by herself, without a christian to keep her company."

"O, then, it is n't the handsome thing ye 're saying Captain! and myself to the fore," exclaimed the offended Norah.

"Asy, now, Norah, *a cuishla*," continued the Captain, "how will I get on with my story and ye interrupting me? Well, then, I was thinking that, if I knocked at Nathan's door in a civil way, may be he 'd not have the manners to be asking me in; so I got a carpenter, a countryman of my own, to cut me out the wooden surtout you see there—and it 's a tight fit he made of it. What did I do next but get an acquaintance, who was half in my secret, to shut me up in the box and direct it to Nathan, 'to be left till called for, and kept dry'—and it 's dry enough, I was, faith. My friend had me conveyed to an inn, and

addressed a note to Nathan, in the name of a correspondent, desiring him to send for the consignment. Like a big blockhead, though, as I was, I forgot to ask my confederate for the key of the box, when he locked me up in it, so that my only chance of getting out was to whistle a tune through the key-hole, and trust to fortune for the rest."

"You appear to have incurred no ordinary degree of trouble and risk, and, as far as I can see, without any commensurate object," responded the lady.

"Is it the object?" continued Terence. "O, then, a more beauteous one I would not desire to set eyes on, and he that would not face the trouble and the risk, were they ten times as great, for such a one, is not worthy the name of a man, let alone an Irishman and an officer. So, then, the matter is just this: if you have a mind to be taking French leave of Nathan, and trust the warm heart of an Irishman, which loves you dearly, and the honour of a soldier, may be ye 'd take me as I stand, six feet and an inch, without a care or a creditor in the world."

Whether, notwithstanding the defacement of the scar, the lady could read honesty on Terence's brow, and, in her desperate circumstances, she was willing to take him upon trust, or whether she had not been previously indifferent to his very handsome person, I am not prepared to determine, but certain it is, she appeared reluctant to let slip the opportunity of escaping from her prison. She, however, ventured to suggest that he must be content with a beggar for a wife.

"Is it the fortune you mean?" pursued Terence. "O, then, do n't be troubling yourself about that.

Have n't I captain's half-pay, with Castle-Bog and thirty acres in the finest country upon earth, where it never grows dark, by reason of the sun by day and the bonfires by night. So, come along, my darling," he continued, taking her arm within his own, "and let me see the Jew who values his beard a potato-paring that will put it between your pretty face and the street."

Followed by Norah, the Captain and his prize made towards the door, and, after some shew of resistance from big Benjamin, which was overcome by the joint persuasives of a piece of gold and a pocket-pistol, they walked out of the house. In three weeks after, Captain and Mrs. O'Connor set out for Castle-Bog, having previously succeeded in forcing the Jew to disgorge the fortune of the lady, to whom, to the honour of old Ireland be it recorded, Terence makes a jewel of a husband.

RICH AND POOR.

Sir Simon was a thrifty man,
  And eke a plodding trader,
Who bow'd at Fortune's shrine, and had
  No reason to upbraid her.

He was of most incongruous
  Materials compounded,
Deform'd by gluttony and pride,
  With love of pelf confounded.

When England's monarch bade him rise
  A knight from off his knees,
Although it fed his vanity,
  He grudged the herald's fees.

He left his shop, at last, though not
  From weariness or whim;
He ne'er, in fact, retired from trade,
  For trade retired from him.

One half his wealth did Simon in
  The "Three-per-cents" invest;
And bought some thousand acres and
  A mansion with the rest:

And quitted London's smoke, without
  One virtue or acquirement,

Save wealth, to gain respect in his
  Undignified retirement.

For still his old propensities
  We find him exercising;
Indulging his conflicting tastes
  For gold and gormandizing.

The noble woods that call'd him lord
  No charms for Simon held;
His only thought was on the sum
  They 'd fetch when they were fell'd.

His park, where whilome stalk'd the deer,
  And skipp'd the dappled fawn,
Was let to feed another's herds,
  While swine plough'd up his lawn.

And though he feasted high, he was
  A misanthropic glutton,
And never ask'd a friend to share
  His magnum or his mutton.

Out on the wretch! I value not
  Or Burgundy or Claret
Above the water from the spring,
  Without a friend to share it.

I love a social glass—the world
  Looks brighter through its medium
It sharpens wit—gives fancy wings,
  And lightens labour's tædium.

THE PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

A sovereign specific we,
  In our pursuits, have found it,
To sweep the cobwebs from the brain
  Which study flings around it.

Yet, mingling reason with our wine,
  We hail, with equal glee,
The summons, from the drawing-room,
  To Beauty and bohea.

Sir Simon's house ne'er knew a guest,
  'T was gloom and silence all,
For never sound of mirth awoke
  An echo in his hall,

Which, in its late possessor's time,
  So well sustain'd his credit,
When Hunger sought his board and bless'd
  The open hand that spread it.

The very dumb creation mourn'd
  The alteration sad;
Rats died of sheer ennui, and mice
  Ran melancholy mad.

E'en spiders, moping in their nooks,
  O'er joys departed cried;
And, in their cobwebs, *sus: per coll:*
  Committed suicide.

His heart, if he indeed had one,
  Which very much I doubt,

Was perfectly secure from all
  Assailants from without.

For Cupid on Sir Simon's breast
  In vain essay'd his arts,
And found, at last, 't was but to waste
  His time, and blunt his darts.

But had the knight sought Hymen's chains,
  He ne'er had found a bride
So base that e'en his boundless wealth
  Could win her to his side.

I hold it an aspersion foul
  That woman ever sold,
In beauty's prime, and youth's spring-time,
  Her own free heart for gold.

And as for charity, he was
  Of his stray pence so chary,
The word, I think, had scarce a place
  In his vocabulary.

For he was beggar-proof, and tired
  E'en the most persevering;
While all his poor relations found
  Him very hard of hearing.

'T is fit I introduce you now
  To Simon's younger brother;
As unlike him, though, as one man
  Could differ from another.

Dick, while Sir Simon, day by day,
  Increased his goods and chattels,
Through India, Portugal, and Spain,
  Was fighting England's battles.

He gain'd, in guerdon of his scars,
  A Waterloo medallion,
Besides half-pay, as ensign in
  The veteran battalion.

In time of war, on principle,
  Dick led a single life,
Maintaining that a soldier had
  No business with a wife.

But peace upon this point, 't would seem,
  Had alter'd Richard's view,
For he got spliced, perhaps for want
  Of something else to do.

The girl he chose was twenty-two,
  While he was forty nearly;
In spite of which disparity,
  She loved the ensign dearly.

Some twenty years of service hard
  Had left his temples bare,
But victory's perennial wreath
  Supplied the want of hair.

He 'd lost his leg, too, by a ball
  Which might have crack'd his cranium;

He grieved not, since a crown would buy
  A wooden succedaneum.

You 'll wonder how she came to take
  This bald and batter'd fellow :—
Ask Desdemona why she loved
  Her sable beau, Othello.

One day Sir Simon, o'er his wine
  Indulged, and 't was a question,
From which disease he suffer'd most,
  Ennui or indigestion.

When roused by some unwonted noise,
  Thought Simon " Who goes there ?"
For he heard footsteps, with a stump
  On every other stair.

He rose to lock the door, but found
  His visiter too quick,
And, to his wonder and chagrin,
  In march'd his brother Dick.

" Good day," said he, " my cottage peeps
  Just over your park wall,
And so, Sir Knight, I deem'd 't would be
  But neighbourly to call."

" A suitor," thought the Knight, " how best
  May this attack be parried?"
Then, turning coldly round, he said,
  " So, Dick, I hear you 're married.

RICH AND POOR.

"And have a brat: how wrong in one
In such a situation!
What could you hope for from a step
So foolish but starvation?"

Richard, indignant, stood erect
Upon his widow'd limb,
Caring as little for the Knight,
As cared the Knight for him.

Quoth he, "Sir Knight, how dare you call
My little Kate a brat?
'T is well that you 're my mother's son,
Or you should smart for that.

"Methinks, too, it were well to keep
Your censures till I need them,
And grumble at my family,
When I ask you to feed them:

"I came in kindness—every inch
As worthy as yourself,
And meet the greeting due to one
Who comes to steal your pelf.

"I covet not your hoarded wealth,
So prithee keep it all,
And will it to enrich your cook,
Or found a hospital.

"I 'm rich where thou art poor, in those
Who 'll cheer my life's decline,

And smooth the pillow of my age—
  But who will wait on thine?

"Your gold will buy obsequious aid
  From mercenary hands,
But interest cannot tie them like
  Affection's silken bands.

"And so farewell, Sir Knight, and while
  You finish your potation,
I 'll, in my old October, drink
  Your health and reformation."

As Dick retired, Sir Simon said,
  "I 'll teach the rogue to scoff,
For now I 'll make my will, and with
  A shilling cut him off."

But, ere the man of law arrived,
  Came Death, the great deranger
Of human plans, and saved the lands
  From passing to a stranger.

For, from his faithless stewardship
  Call'd at a moment's warning,
The Knight, who sought his bed in health,
  Was cold in death ere morning.

And, as he died without a will,
  Sir Simon's house and lands
Pass'd, with his "Three-per-cent Consols,"
  To Richard's worthier hands.

But wealth changed not Dick's honest heart,
As generous as brave,
Nor made him shed one tear the less
Upon his brother's grave.

A TASTE OF MATRIMONY.

Geoffry Heeltap was a thrifty and thriving son of Saint Crispin, and the hereditary shoemaker of the village. He had a brother who was a blacksmith, and, between them, they monopolized the hoofs of man and beast within a circumference of twenty miles. In proof of Geoffry's proficiency in his art, as well as of the excellence of the materials he used in it, I need only mention that he once made a pair of boots for the squire, which, as the latter never repeated the order, must have lasted his lifetime. For three days previous to their being sent home, they were exposed, in Geoffry's window, to the admiration of the parish, curiously embossed, at toe and heel, with nails as broad as sixpences, while the soles were of such substantial thickness, that the wearer might have walked through the dirtiest lane in the county, without fear of soiling the upper leathers.

Geoffry, like most of his craft, was a politician, and, like most politicians, derived his opinions from his superiors. Regularly every morning, about the post hour, might he be observed in front of the "Bugle Horn," listening, with eager ears, to the speculations and disputes of the exciseman and the apothecary, the respective leaders of the whig and tory parties of the village.

VILLAGE POLITICIANS.

For forty years he lived a bachelor, and, whether trolling a catch over his diurnal task, beating time and calf-skin with his hammer, or indulging in the silent ecstasies of his evening pipe and tankard, was the happiest fellow alive. In the latter occupation, enveloped in a cloud, which as effectually divided him from the world and its cares as if he did not belong to it, was Geoffry "monarch of all he surveyed," and, as the only object palpable to his vision was the ale-flagon, he desired no better possession.

It had been well if John Barleycorn had remained without a rival in his affections; but there is a "busy devil" in the heart of man which prevents him from "letting well alone," and, accordingly, without being able to assign any better reason for the act than he could have done for jumping into the mill-dam with his lapstone in his pocket, he married. Had he, indeed, selected a wife from among the blooming maidens of the village, there had been some shadow of an excuse for him, since, where kings have cast their crowns, cobblers may be pardoned for flinging their *awl*—at the feet of Beauty. Geoffry, however, must needs take a widow who had removed to the village from a neighbouring town about six years before, and widows, if they have chanced to be on the losing side in their first game of matrimony, usually apply their experience to mend their play in the second. Mrs. Heeltap, having acquired the art of government from the practical lessons of her first husband, began early to apply its principles to the management of his successor; for, on the evening of their wedding day, at a party given in honour of the

event, Geoffry had the misfortune to trump his *cara sposa*'s first lead from a strong suit, whereupon the lady strengthened her hand with a club, and fairly beat him out of doors.

Crispin was either too much or too little of a man to retaliate with his hands, so he beat her with his heels; though it was not until he had cleared the village by a mile, that he considered himself safe from the fury of the incensed virago, who had so soon united the executive with the legislative functions.

With an aching heart, and a broken head, Geoffry sat down upon a bank by the road-side to ponder on the mistake he had committed, and, while he was calling mentally upon

> "Black spirits and white,
> Blue spirits and grey,"

to deliver him from its consequences, there suddenly, as if in obedience to his invocation, emerged from a copse, out of which a path struck into the highway, a little dark man, in a Flushing jacket, with black corkscrew curls pendant from each temple, a sinister squint, as a Milesian would say, in his right eye, and an ominous halt in his gait.

Geoffry experienced an involuntary shudder as the stranger turned out of the road, and, laying his hand familiarly on his shoulder, exclaimed—"What cheer, brother, and how came you by that foul weather face?"

Crispin's heart was full to overflowing, and it was some relief to pour his sorrows even into the ear of a stranger, whom he accordingly informed of the

A DISCIPLINARIAN.

cause of his grief, with every particular of name, place, and circumstance.

"Nonsense!" said he of the Flushing jerkin, when he had heard the story, "never be downhearted; there's a salve for every sore, and I may find a plaster for yours. I've helped many a man at a worse pinch."

"I thank you for your friendly intentions, sir," said the other, "but my case is past your curing, since you cannot loose the knot I was so silly as to let the parson tie this morning."

"As easily as my shoe-string," was the rejoinder.

Geoffry stole a sly glance at the stranger's feet, to ascertain if they were made from the same last, and added, under a powerful augmentation of his misgivings occasioned by a villanous smell of pitch, "You do n't seem to belong to these parts, sir; may I be so bold as to ask where you come from?"

"From the bottom of the Red Sea:" at which reply, so confirmatory of his worst fears, Geoffry sidled away from his new friend, in visible consternation.

"Come, come," said the other, with a smile which was any thing but an improvement to his countenance, "I see you have no faith in my skill, and I must e'en make a convert of you in spite of yourself." Thus speaking, he took a stride towards the terrified shoemaker, through whose arm he passed his own, in such a manner as to preclude his escape, and led, or rather dragged, him towards the village; Geoffrey's countenance wearing as rueful a livery, as if he had been coupled to a bull-dog, or handcuffed to a felon.

As they approached the house whence our hero had been so unceremoniously ejected, the sounds of mirth and feasting saluted their ears, and, peeping through the open casement, they perceived the bride with a huge carving-knife in her hand, at the head of the table, ruling the roast as well as the boiled, in the highest glee imaginable.

Geoffry's injuries were fresh upon his memory and his shoulders, and he answered the arguments of his friend to induce him to enter the banquetting-room by many a reminiscent shrug. At last, the stranger grasped him firmly by each arm, from behind, and literally thrust him into the presence chamber. No sooner did the lady catch sight of her liege lord, than, with an ominous flourish of the carving-knife, she rushed towards him, apparently bent upon cutting the connection. At the moment, however, that her hand was raised, her eye rested upon the face of the stranger, peering over the shoulder of the affrighted Geoffry. The weapon and her countenance fell at the same instant, and she sunk back into a chair in strong hysterics, while around her flocked the guests with water, salts, brandy, and burnt feathers, until she was nearly suffocated by the crowd, and strangled by the administration of every specific at once.

The stranger fought his way through the guests, and, approaching the lady, whispered for a second in her ear, when, wonderful to say, the symptoms subsided, as if by magic, and the patient recovered her senses, though she continued to gaze at him with a mixture of wonder and fear, while a voice from among the company exclaimed—" Why, Dobson, is

that you? we thought you went down, six years ago, in the good ship Neversink, of Bristol."

"So I did," was the reply, "but I came up again on a hencoop, and drifted on shore, where I was seized by the dingy natives, and, not being able to give a satisfactory account of myself, was committed to hard labour, as a rogue and a vagabond. At last, however, when I thought I had sufficiently atoned for the crime of being shipwrecked, I gave my employers the slip, and as, from some unaccountable oversight, they had forgotten my pay, I brought away the whole six years' arrear, in the portable shape of gold ingots and precious stones: and here I am, ready to take this honest gentleman's bargain off his hands, with the house and furniture at a fair valuation."

Geoffry, in ecstasies at his escape, shook his benefactor heartily by the hand, wished him joy of his safe return, and begged him to make the payment for the furniture quite agreeable to himself.

Mr. Dobson, turning to the guests, requested that, as the materials for rejoicing were so conveniently at hand, they would oblige him with their company for the evening. He then took the chair, installed Geoffry as vice-president, and made the first use of his regained authority by desiring Mrs. Dobson to apply a plaster to the battered crown of the now joyous shoemaker, which she did in the neatest and most submissive manner possible.

They kept up the carousal until a late hour, by which time Crispin had entirely forgotten his injuries and his way home, that is, to his bachelor's quarters; whither, however, he was at last conducted, under

the guidance of two friends and a stable lantern, in which, by the way, they omitted to place a light.

I rejoice to be enabled to add, that our friend Geoffry, a sworn bachelor, continues to derive profit from his trade, and solace from his pipe, which, like the ring of Gyges, has the property of rendering its possessor invisible; and thus it happens that, in his merriest moods, his friends, although certain of good cheer, see little more of him than a hand occasionally thrust through the cloud to welcome an addition to the party. It has been remarked, that if, by any chance, the voice of Mrs. Dobson reaches his ear, while thus engaged, he begins to puff with increased energy, and complains of the rheumatism between his shoulders.

THE COW DOCTOR.

I KNOW not, Reader, if, like me, you nourish
  A taste for agricultural concerns;
Loving to see the things of Nature flourish,
  And, when the laughing summer-time returns,
Your spirit to its genial influence yields,
  And, having been shut up six months within
  The turmoil of the city, you begin
To loathe brick walls, and "babble of green fields,"
Esteeming country air the best of bellows
  For keeping the Promethean spark alive;
  If so, like me, you 'll take your annual drive
From London's fogs, and we may meet hale fellows.

But to our tale: There lived once, in the West,
  An honest farmer of some fourscore acres,
In those good times ere landlords thought it best
  To let out their estates to wholesale takers.
He was a yeoman of the old *regime*;
  Not like some landholders I wot of now,
  Who 'd deem their hands polluted by the plough,
And cannot name a horse of all their team;
Who, finding in the headlong chase such charms,
  Follow their hounds instead of their profession;

Leaving their bailiffs to direct their farms,
  And finding other bailiffs in possession.

Our farmer was a man of the right sort,
Who drank October ale instead of port,
  And rode to market on a sorrel nag
More famed for bone than blood; and when he 'd sold
His corn, he 'd bring away the price in gold,
  Tied up in a capacious canvass bag.
His sunday coat, of homely Lincoln green,
Was graced by buttons, half a yard between,
Of metal double gilt, and every one
As big and blazing as the mid-day sun:
The while, to veil their splendours, he 'd endue
His gaberdine by way of a surtout.

He had a calf—its colour a light dun—
  Which daily to such size and beauty grew,
He loved the beast almost as his own son,
  Who was the greater calf, though, of the two.
In ancient times, when classic calves were led
  To slaughter ('t was for sacrifice, not sale)
They always found the fillet on the head,
  But modern butchers find it near the tail.
Our calf, however, from so dark a fate
  Was saved, for Gubbins could not, for his life,
  Resign his favourite to the murderous knife,
And so the beast grew up to cow's estate.

Though rescued from their clutches who translate
  Calves into veal and bullocks into beef,

Our cow was no philanthropist: her hate
  For Gubbins and his house pass'd all belief;
As though she would have thank'd him more by half
If he 'd dismiss'd her from this world a calf.
The milk-maid, too, oft suffer'd from a spirit
  Which, like Macbeth's, "did push her from her stool;"
And, though no cow gave better milk, the merit
  She 'd cancel with her foot, for, when 't was full,
She would capsize the bucket, and display,
Sad sight! upon the earth a milky way.

Yet Gubbins, wife, and milk-maid, 't is averr'd,
Loved her by far the best of all the herd.
A circumstance which, though it seem a mystery,
Is not unparallel'd in man's strange history.
How many a suitor, in as odd a fashion,
  Contempt, and slight, from some proud dame hath borne,
And still loved on, as if his hungry passion
  Did feed upon the offal of her scorn
Thus lavish'd on him with such prodigality:
  O shame upon his meanness and her airs!
  I 'm quite a radical in love affairs,
And always stick up stoutly for equality.

Oft have I known a coxcomb of our day,
  A walking libel upon manhood, dangle
On some such dame, coquettish, vain, and gay,
  Pick up her fan, her cotton disentangle,
Purvey *bijouterie* for her boudoir,
Write verses in her *album*, by the score,

(Fit emblem of his silly self, in one sense,
Since what is not a blank is fill'd with nonsense)
And run, and fetch, and carry, like a poodle,
And minister to every whim and freak,
While she, although she scorn, retains the noodle
On meagre wages of a smile per week.

'T is much the same, no doubt, in every grade;
And swains, in guerdon of their adulation,
Encounter scorn and oft vituperation:
I knew a fair but haughty village-maid,
Who, when her rustic lover, in a speech
As flowery as his waistcoat, did beseech
The maiden to be merciful, and hinder
His faithful heart from being scorch'd to cinder,
Replied "It sha' n't be my fault if thou burnest,"
And, with a pitying smile, forthwith she drew
A brimming pitcher from the fount, and threw
Cold water on his passion in right earnest.

Beasts, like ourselves, are subject to diseases,
Although not quite so troubled with physicians;
Colds, cholics, and full many a pain that teases
Poor flesh and blood, belong to both conditions.
One spring, our cow got sadly out of sorts,
Her eye grew heavy, and her coat less sleek;
She lost all taste for her diurnal sports,
And had not toss'd a creature for a week,
Which, in her case, was ominous: moreover,
The beast grew sulky, and refused her clover,
The farmer's wife, her cow's estate so shock'd her,
Sent off, *instanter*, for the village doctor.

AN ADMIRER.

Let me not, Reader, be misapprehended,
  I do n't mean the apothecary: he was
Above such practice, though he had attended,
  No doubt, upon as great a brute as she was.
The Galen sent for, upon this occasion,
Drench'd and phlebotomized the dumb creation,
Cows, horses, pigs, and donkeys; and, the fact is,
  As many of the patients in his care
  Dwelt, for the most part, in the open air,
He 'd often an extensive field for practice,
Where, like his betters, he pursued his labours,
And fatten'd on the troubles of his neighbours.

Although I would not willingly incur
  For my prolixity the Reader's stricture,
This man was such a character, that, Sir,
  I must devote a stanza to his picture.
Though Nature, when she made him, did not follow
The model of the Belvidere Apollo,
  She balanced want of symmetry by size;
For, if at Smithfield-market, I opine,
They show'd up doctors as they do fat kine,
  He would, infallibly, have gain'd the prize.
He was a royal quarto Sancho Pança!
His nose—but that demands a separate stanza.

O, how shall I my similes dispose!
It was a very light-house of a nose!
  Throwing its red glare East, North, and South;
As if kind Nature hung the beacon there
To warn the flies that love the evening air
  Against the dark Charybdis of his mouth.

It hiss'd like serpents, when a show'r assail'd it,
Or else it burn'd the handkerchief that veil'd it;
  I pray you, Reader, doubt not my veracity,
But, Sir, it shone so luminously bright,
That 't would have lighted up his path at night,
  But for his stomach's prominent opacity.

I would that Hogarth's graphic skill were mine
To paint the scene that follow'd, 't was so fine!
There lay the cow, stretch'd out as *in extremis*,
And, by her, stood her master, who did deem his
  Dumb favourite about to hop the twig,
And broke out in such boisterous lamentations,
He rent the air with his exululations,
  And, past all mending, damnified his wig,
His grief was so extravagant; but whether
  He mourn'd more bitterly than did his son,
  Gubbins secundus, is a doubt, for Dun
And he were playfellows when calves together.

And for the rest, it was quite melancholy
To see the queen of the lactarium, Dolly,
  Profanely call'd a dairy-maid; so baleful
Did her vaccine companion's ailment make her,
Her face seem'd lengthen'd out to half an acre,
  And, in her woe, she wept her milkless pail full,
And did "take on" so, that her sympathy,
No doubt, increased her master's grief, for he
  Began to bellow louder than before:
"Our cow will kick the bucket, Doll," he said;
"Why Zur, if that be all," replied the maid,
  "I 've seen she kick it vorty times or more."

THE COW DOCTOR.

The Doctor came, and gravely shook his head,
Like doctors much more orthodoxly bred,
And, when the weeping junto clear'd their lungs
  To tell him all about the cow's condition,
He cut them short, and bade them hold their tongues,
  As if he 'd known it all by intuition:
Whereat the natives wonder'd more than ever,
And thought the doctor most profoundly clever.
The patient he survey'd, before, behind,
  And, after shewing some pedantic airs,
Pronounced the cow to be of unsound mind,
  And quite unfit to manage her affairs!

Whether she deem'd his *dictum* an aspersion,
'T would not be safe to hazard an assertion,
She seem'd to grunt dissent, and history mentions
  That, all at once, on her four legs she stood,
  And threw herself into an attitude
Which savour'd much of bellicose intentions;
And, singling out the man of fleams, the cow
First paw'd the earth, as making him a bow,
And then ran at him: he ne'er stopp'd to view her,
  But, finding that his case approach'd a crisis,
  He fled from the pet animal of Isis,
As though the fiend himself were his pursuer.

Our friend was very short upon his pins,
  And, scudding from his foe as fierce as Mahound,
Look'd like a turtle, on its hinder fins,
  Endeavouring, in speed, to beat a greyhound.

The Reader will anticipate the sequel,
  Since, as the cow did on four legs pursue,
  And he 'd as much to carry upon two,
No race could possibly be more unequal:
Which seem'd to be the Doctor's own conviction,
  For to a wooden fence he made all sail,
  Wishing to put himself beyond the pale
Of his enraged pursuer's jurisdiction.

Never, I may assert, without a pun,
Was man before so pester'd by a dun,
Who was, to all appearance, firmly set
On making him discharge dame Nature's debt,
  And which, I make no sort of doubt, she *really* meant;
The doctor nimbly vaulted at the pale,
When, on the top, a most invidious nail
  Caught hold of his anonymous habiliment,
Which chanced to be of buckskin, stoutly stitch'd:
Thus, stopp'd *in transitu*, the doctor hitch'd:
And there he hung, in perilous suspense,
One half of him on either side the fence.

Dun aim'd a deadly thrust at him, but failing,
  She ran against the fence with such a knock,
  That Galen, disentangled by the shock,
Dropp'd safe in a dry ditch beyond the paling,
Buried in weeds, crack'd pipkins, and old kettles,
Whence he emerged, much stung by rage and nettles,
And reach'd his dwelling. That the cow's horn miss'd him
Was fortunate for the Jennerean system,

For, had she kill'd him, it had been no joke,
Since, it is plain, no inquest could agree
On any other verdict, than that he
Did die of *vaccination* or *cow poke*.

THE STEEPLE CHASE.

My schoolfellow, Dick Linger, was never ready for any thing but his dinner; I say *his* dinner for he was always too late for every body's else. He was a loiterer from his very birth, for he came sauntering into the world on the day on which his youngest brother had completed his fifteenth year. He was, of course, his mother's pet, and his father's darling, and, by consequence, the plague of the whole house. At school he obtained the *soubriquet* of Dilatory Dick: he was last up in the morning, and, at night, every boy in his room was in bed and the candle put out, before Dick had divested himself of half his clothes; and, many a time, has he awakened his bed-fellow from his first sleep by driving his toe into his eye, or doing him, in the dark, as the law hath it, some other grievous bodily harm. At cricket, he was usually bowled out by the second or third ball, for he never struck at it until it had passed him; and, when it was his turn to look out, he walked after it as if he had been following a funeral or going to be whipped. Nay, he was behind hand even in mischief, for, if any expedition against a neighbouring orchard was undertaken, Dick usually contrived to arrive just in time to be seized by the proprietor and handed over to condign punishment, while his companions ran off with the booty. From his procrastinating habits, as well as from the circumstance of his being so frequently

flogged for the delinquencies of others, he was facetiously termed the *tail* of the school. On one occasion, I remember, on which he had contrived to introduce himself to the mill-pond, he remained such a tediously long time under water, that, if one of his comrades had not gone down after him, I verily believe he would never have come up at all.

He would, doubtless, have been a scholar of no mean acquirements, had he remained a sufficient time at his studies; but, happening to be taken from school at eighteen, the poor fellow had no chance. I remember that, although we started in the classics together, and I was no fire-eater, I was construing Horace, while he was wearing out his second Corderius, and conjugating "amo" with infinitely more complacency than success. His attempts at conjugation, in after life, were equally unfortunate, since he lost an opportunity of getting a rich wife, because, although he made three several attempts on as many days, he could never manage to get to church within canonical hours.

Luckily, however, for Richard, as he was the last of his family in coming into the world, he contrived to be the last to go out of it, and, consequently, succeeded to the property of those of his brothers and sisters who had not resorted to matrimony as a mode of relieving the monotony of life; and thus it happened that, while he was deliberating upon which of the professions he should adorn, he was saved the trouble of further debate by being placed in easy circumstances for life. Never was any man more rejoiced at being left to follow the bent of his own inclination; which, however, he did, as he performed

every thing else, quite at his leisure. He was fond of hunting, and subscribed to a pack of excellent fox-hounds, but he could never contrive to be at the place of meeting in time to see them throw off; so that, after an hour's hard riding, he usually met them on their return to kennel.

In a moment of extraordinary excitement, Richard was induced to ride a steeple chase, not for the sake of the wager, for he would not have ridden a third of the distance for thrice the money, but simply for the gratification of the whim of the moment. The idea of Dick's riding a race of any kind was so utterly preposterous that it attracted the attention of the whole country, and innumerable were the bets to which it gave rise; since, although there were many who were ready to lay upon the acknowledged excellence of Richard's horse, there were quite as many who would have staked their fortunes upon the dilatoriness of the rider, and, among the latter, were his two opponents, who, it was suspected, had engaged to share the profit or loss of the adventure. They had cunningly covenanted that they should start at a particular hour, and that they should not wait for each other's arrival. The event justified their prudence in making this proviso, for Richard appeared at the starting-post just two minutes after his antagonists had quitted it, puffing away, not for want of breath, but "by reason of" a cigar.

"Good morning to you, gentlemen," said Richard to a host of persons who had gathered about the spot, as he quietly dismounted and began to tighten his saddle-girths, while his horse, deeming them tight enough before, shewed its sense of Dick's officiousness

by a smart bite, which, if it had included cuticle as well as broad-cloth, might have materially interfered with the comfort of his ride.

"Make haste, my good fellow, or you 'll lose the race," exclaimed a by-stander, who, having staked a round sum upon Richard's horse, was almost frantic at beholding the owner's imperturbable deliberation.

"Wait while I light another cigar," responded Dick, igniting a piece of German tinder, which he began to blow with great energy, and looking upon the anxious faces around him with the greatest complacency imaginable. When, however, he got into the saddle, he appeared determined on making up for lost time, and set off in good earnest. He was an excellent horseman, and a bold one, but two minutes in a race, like an inch in a man's nose, are no trifle. His horse, though, was a regular fencer, and, in the course of the next five minutes, cleared three quick-set hedges, a market woman, and a gipsy's donkey, and Dick was evidently gaining ground upon his precursors. But he was destined never to be before hand in any thing: there stood the steeple, within half a mile of him, and, midway between, a rising ground which his rivals were just mounting, and soon disappeared behind it. Dick put spurs to his horse, and arrived on the summit of the hillock just in time to catch a glimpse of the foremost equestrian who was shewing him a "clean pair of heels"—the only visible part of him, and they, as in duty bound, were following his head and shoulders to the bottom of a deep and rapid river, of which the party in advance either were previously ignorant, or, like others who have taken the shadow for the substance,

were misled by the reflection of the desired steeple in the water, and determined to arrive at the goal *per saltum*. While Richard, who was somewhat slow in comprehending matters, was wondering at the extraordinary feat, his eye glanced towards his other antagonist, who was practically explaining to him the mode in which it had been accomplished, by sliding over the nose of his horse in the same antipodean fashion. Dick, however, who had already suffered from his proximity to his horse's nose, pursued an opposite course, and pulling the animal up—that is, perpendicularly upon his hind legs—he slid over its tail, after his old habit of being always behind, and thus regained *terra firma*. Richard, who was a good-natured fellow, and had no notion of his opponents stopping short in the churchyard on their way to the steeple, hastily tied his horse to a tree, and proceeded to angle for them with the thong of his hunting-whip, but not succeeding in getting a bite, he tried the hook at the butt-end, and, at length, fished them both out. Their horses had taken care of themselves, and were quietly grazing in a meadow on the opposite bank. Dick, like a good fellow as he was, stuck both his friends upon the back of his own nag, and led them to the nearest inn, where he left them with thirteen blankets on the outside of their bodies, and two stiff glasses of brandy and water within. Our hero, having previously fortified himself with a beefsteak and a tankard of home brewed, walked over the rest of the course, at his leisure, in the cool of the evening, infinitely less gratified at winning his wager, than at the power he possessed of quoting one instance at least of the advantages of being behind hand.

TAKING A HORSE TO WATER.

THE DESERTER.

Tim Toplift fought, for twenty years,
  His country's battles toughly;
He used the sea, and it used him,
  Report says, somewhat roughly.

He might have been in men and things
  Well versed, although I doubt it;
For sailors see most of the world,
  And know the least about it.

And yet he 'd gain'd experience on
  Some interesting topics;
He 'd been frost-bitten at the pole,
  And blister'd in the tropics.

He 'd been in many a fight at sea,
  On shore in many a rumpus,
And braved disease and death in all
  Directions of the compass.

He 'd visited Fernando-Po,
  Where England has a station
Expressly form'd for taking off
  Her surplus population.

When Nature laid Tim Toplift's keel,
'T would seem that she derided
The rules by which Praxiteles
And Phidias were guided.

And yet you could not term our tar
An ordinary man,
For you might search the world, nor find
One built on such a plan.

His lips, of navy-blue, were like
A hatchway when asunder,
Whereout his voice came rushing forth
As loud and deep as thunder.

And then his nose—had he not been
Of courage the perfection,
You 'd fancy—'t was so large—he 'd got
Behind it for protection.

His fingers were like marlinspikes;
His fist, so hard and round,
Resembled much a cannon-shot
Of four-and-twenty pound.

His breast was like Brest harbour, wide,
Though not so well defended,
For Cupid's bark ran in one morn
When mists his scheme befriended.

Alas! the bark a bomb-boat proved,
Replete with dire combustible,
And Tim with Sally fell in love—
A tall and somewhat lusty belle.

For six weeks they kept company;
  A brace of simple elves!
To call it keeping company
  When they were by themselves.

In other words, their mutual flame
  For six weeks brightly burn'd,
And 't was agreed they should be spliced
  As soon as he return'd.

For, from Spithead, a signal flew
  To part the turtle-doves;
And Duty's call, with seamen, takes
  Priority of Love's.

'T was touching their adieus to see,
  Their hearts with grief were smarting;
Fond pair! to keep their love secure,
  Each gave a lock at parting.

But locks, nor bolts, nor bars will keep
  A fickle heart from straying;
And Sally's, faithless jilt! soon veer'd,
  Her trusting Tim betraying.

Our tar return'd from cruising safe,
  And, boding aught but ill,
Left wind and wave, two fickle things,
  For one more fickle still.

A hoop of gold, from Afric's coast,
  Did Toplift with him bring,
Which he, with much facetiousness,
  Term'd Hymen's mooring ring.

Alas! he found Sal's colours changed,
  She 'd left true blue for scarlet,
And she was fast, in wedlock's bands,
  Lash'd to a soldier varlet.

Tim met them both on Portsmouth Point,
  It cost him some exertion
To hide his grief—"That 's what I call,"
  Says he, "downright desertion,

"For which, in some parts where I 've sail'd,
  They sentence to the galley;
And all for that land-lubber too!
  It was n't handsome, Sally.

"And yet, why grieve for such a heart,
  And spin a yarn about it?
'T is n't worth a piece of junk, and I 'm
  Far better off without it.

"And as for yonder Lobster there,
  With no ill will I view him;
I wish him joy, though, of his prize,
  And much good may it do him."

LOST AND WON.

THE RUNAWAY.

Those who, like myself, have had an opportunity of perusing the muster-roll of a sugar-plantation, cannot but have been struck by the singular propriety with which names have been distributed among the happiest and best treated race under the sun: I mean the slave population of the West India islands. The appellations of Blanche, Bianca, Rosa, Eugenia, Flora, &c. have, with an admirable regard to their significations, been assigned to the tenderer, I may not say fairer, sex; while the most celebrated names in Grecian and Roman history have been allotted to the proprietors of thick lips and flat noses, with equal liberality and reference to the "fitness of things." It will not, therefore, be matter of surprise that the name of a famous Theban distinguished the individual who is the subject of the anecdote I am about to relate, and who was called Epaminondas.

Pam, as he was more familiarly and conveniently designated, had enjoyed, for ten years, all the rights, privileges, and immunities of his class; but, as the too frequent repetition of the most agreeable things will produce satiety, he began to grow tired of Glasgow herrings and the cat-o'-nine-tails, and, accordingly, with exemplary generosity, he resigned his allowance of both to be distributed among the

gang, at the discretion of the overseer, and made his appearance alongside a homeward-bound West Indiaman, about a league from Port Royal, in a bark canoe and a Peniston jacket, and begged permission to make himself useful on the voyage.

The captain, who was a good-natured sailor, and was, moreover, somewhat short-handed, would have had not the slightest objection to his company; but he remembered that the West Indians have a code of morals peculiar to themselves, and that what would be deemed a laudable and humane action in England, would be considered a felony, and punished as such, in Jamaica; and, as he was a regular trader, his compliance might subject him to inconvenience on his next visit to the land of yams and yellow fever. While, however, Pam was pleading, and the captain was deliberating, a wave turned the scale—as well it might, for it was as big as a mountain—in the negro's favour, by swamping his canoe, and putting Pam, who was an indifferent swimmer, to his trumps. Nothing could have happened more opportunely: stealing a slave, thought the captain, is one thing, and saving a man's life is another; so a rope was flung over the ship's side, and Pam was rescued from the billows and a huge shark, which made a snap at him, and lost its dinner—a hard case—by being just half a second too late.

The captain could spare neither the time nor a boat to set his unexpected visiter on shore, so he adopted the alternative of giving him a passage to England, mentally covenanting to carry him back to Jamaica on his next trip, "provided always" that Pam had no objection to the arrangement. The latter, as soon

as he heard his fate, shewed his teeth to the extremities of either jaw, cut a caper over the long-boat, and performed sundry other evolutions, expressive of his satisfaction, equally extravagant, though, to the full, as rational as getting drunk and wasting gunpowder, according to the approved method of rejoicing in civilized countries. As to his returning, Pam knew that was a remote contingency, and might be argued upon at his leisure; particularly as the only ties which he had ever had occasion to acknowledge in the island were the knots of the cat-o'-nine-tails. He therefore made the best use of his time, and succeeded so well in ingratiating himself with a rich widow lady, a passenger, that she took him into her service at the end of the voyage. During his mistress's sojourn in London, previously to setting out for her family mansion, Pam's exterior underwent a complete metamorphosis, and he became as gay as tags and tailors could make him, strutting about, under the weight of a brace of epaulettes, as fine as a field-officer on a review-day. It happened that he was walking through Regent-street, behind his mistress, with his gold-headed cane in his hand, when whom should he meet but his old master, the planter, who had arrived in England in the same fleet with Pam. "Berry glad to see you, Massa," said the negro, making his best bow, and shewing his wisdom-teeth as usual. "You black rascal!" exclaimed the planter, adopting one of those endearing epithets which usually pass from master to slave, and, in obedience to the first impulse, was about to collar the runaway, but a glance at Pam's cane, and an apprehension that it might not possess those saccharine

qualities for which the canes in Jamaica are celebrated, induced him to pause. He recollected, too, that there was an account of long standing between them, with a pretty heavy balance in his favour, of which it might not be convenient to him to receive payment in precisely the coin wherein Pam might feel disposed to render it; so the planter swallowed his bile, though the effort cost him a fit of the jaundice.

Fat, favoured, and faithful, Pam continues in the service of the wealthy widow, as head footman, under-butler, and dispenser of broken victuals, in which latter capacity I have frequently seen him officiating with the most exemplary impartiality. I have, however, heard it reported, that he has, occasionally, been so dazzled by a pair of bright eyes, as, in his confusion, to put all the meat into one apron, and the bones into another; but I cannot hazard an opinion on the truth of this imputation on Pam's correctness. He is a favourite with the whole household, particularly with the women, and, I am informed, might have a wife of any colour he chose, but Pam alleges that he travelled six thousand miles to obtain his freedom, and has no inclination to part from it.

A MAN OF COLOUR.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

One November morn, in a fit of the blues,
'Twas the ninth of the month) I invoked the Muse,
Though in vain, to my purpose to win her;
I had folded the back of a letter in two,
To scribble an ode on a distant view,
Through the vista of hope, of a dinner.

The Muse smiled at last, but I scarcely had time
To hammer my first happy thought into rhyme,
Ere a footstep I heard on the stair;
When a man, nearly smother'd in lace, waddled in,
And presented a card, with a bow and a grin,
To invite me to dine with the May'r.

The reader can scarcely conceive my delight,
As, rubbing my hands, I exclaimed "Now I 'll write
Not a single line more, come what may of it,
But go see the procession; so bear a hand, Prue,
Fetch hither my castor, my boots, and surtout,
I 'm a Dutchman but I 'll make a day of it."

So I sallied forth, with my cane in my hand,
And plunged in the crowd, while the pageant so grand
Its way through the city was bending;

And, oh! the assemblage of beauty there,
Which made every window a gay parterre,
Where the hues of the rainbow were blending.

Two Charter-house boys, who were cutting their jokes,
And taxing their fancy, by brilliant strokes,
The November gloom to dispel,
Named a tailor's daughter a cabbage rose,
And a damsel who sported a purple nose,
Not inaptly, they term'd a blue belle.

Such wit, I own, is not much to my mind,
And I hate a punster of all mankind,
'T is surprising to me how a man thus
Can take any pride in so mean a power;
They saw, at a window, one Mary Flower,
And they dubb'd her a poly—anthus.

A lighterman then was the Mayor elect,
Of whom I am bounden to speak with respect,
But I could not help thinking the while,
(A distinction, no doubt, at which sages had laugh'd)
That, though none could deny he had plenty of craft,
He had not a morsel of guile.

There rode one in the front of the dignified band,
With his truncheon of office stretch'd forth in his hand,
And epaulettes massive and large,

But I could not divine what he sported them for,
Since, though marshal, he surely was no man of war
Any more than the city barge.

Not cheek by jowl, but in single file,
(The sight had provoked from a cynic a smile)
Gog and Magog were puffing and blowing:
And proudly they tower'd o'er the gaping throng;
No firm in the city had stood so long,
And it grieved me to see them going.

The children all shriek'd at so novel a sight,
And ran to their mothers, in horrid affright,
Their heads in their aprons to cover;
For Gog look'd as grim as could well be desired,
And Magog was either confoundedly tired,
Or else he was half seas over.

I escaped from the pageant, knights, giants, and all,
To deck myself out for the feast at Guildhall,
Where, array'd in my visiting gear,
I arrived just in time; and the exquisite fun
Of the things which were said, and the deeds which were done,
'T was enchanting to see and to hear.

I had read of the pow'rs of the gastronome,
In the brighter days of Imperial Rome,
But I always consider'd it fabulous;
But these living sarcophagi's feats, on my word,
Surpass'd all the marvels traditions record
Of the cormorant Heliogabalus.

As I glanced at the citizens' arms, while we dined,
An idea occurr'd, with much force, to my mind,
Which would grave antiquarians stagger,
That the thing made to pass for a weapon of strife
Was, at first, nothing more than a carving-knife,
Which they've dignified into a dagger.

The orators made a dead set at the Duke,
And their speeches, if printed, had fill'd a book
As large as a novel of Colburn;
One citizen spoke of his "public life,"
Which, I take it, was ended when he and his wife
Left the bar of the dram-shop in Holborn.

But one could not be list'ning to speeches all night,
Though some, 't would be wrong to deny it, were quite
Examples for scholars to copy;
Yet, the truth must be told, tow'rds the end of the treat,
They be-praised one another in language as sweet
And narcotic as syrup of poppy.

I was nearly asleep, when I heard a sound
As of forty fiddlers, and turning round,
I miss'd all at once the nobility;
Quoth I "Then I'll follow," and forth from the hall
I sallied, and shortly discover'd them all
Dos-a-dos-ing with wond'rous agility.

I observed a tall dandy, so tightly laced
That he look'd as though he was running to waist;
A white kid glove was adorning

CIVIC ENJOYMENTS.

His delicate hand, and he held his nose
So high that he never caught sight of his toes,
  But when he got up in the morning.

I was quizzing this pink of all exquisite dancers,
But that 's a misnomer, he *walk'd* through the
    "Lancers"
  With a languor, that 's voted genteel,
When a buck stagger'd in, who 'd of claret his fill,
And who, though he 'd mangled, no doubt, a
    quadrille,
  Appear'd quite *au fait* at a reel.

With a grace which belong'd to the D'Egville
    school,
For want of a partner, he danced a *pas seul*
  For the company's edification;
But, not judging correctly the length of his pins,
He bestow'd on our dandy a kick on the shins,
  Which caused his immediate prostration.

The bystanders, kindly, soon set him upright,
And suggested he 'd better retire for the night,
  For they sympathised much in his pain;
But the poor fellow's stay-lace had broke in his fall,
And so, like a watch, he could not go at all
  Till they wound the machine up again.

But the banquet had dipp'd pretty deep in the night,
And, moreover, I 'd seen the best part of the sight,
  And a fine one I freely confess it is;
So, quoth I, "'t is high time I was jogging, I trow,"
And, making his lordship and tail my best bow,
  Said, politely, "Good night! your Obesities!"

THE MODERN ULYSSES.

No sooner was the hatchment mounted over the portico of Beechwood Hall, announcing that its late proprietor, Sir John Denyers, was dead, and that his widow had succeeded to the splendid mansion and broad lands, than it was hailed, as the signal for attack, by all the unmarried men within a circumference of twenty miles. They flocked to her by scores, arrayed in the mourning cloak of condolence, endeavouring to smuggle in their love under the disguise of sympathy.

Her lawyer, a hale bachelor of sixty, requested she would do him the honour to consider him less in the light of a professional adviser than a friend zealous for her interests, and would fain have presented her with a title to his services in his shrivelled hand, but he had already given her a surfeit of parchment, and the man of law discovered that, although his suit had frequently been successful in those courts where the presiding goddess is represented to be blind, it was quite another thing to plead his cause before a woman with her eyes open.

In fact, ere she had worn the weeds of widowhood for six weeks, her paths were beset, and her dwelling besieged, and never, certainly, had woman a better chance of mending her luck, for there was not one of the whole five and forty lovers who was not willing to stake his life upon the sincerity and disinterestedness

A SIEGE.

of his affection. She could not open a window in her house, but a myriad of billet-doux came showering into it, like a snow-storm. She could not take a walk in her most private grounds, but a lover started from behind every bush, and flung himself upon his knees in the path before her. Others again, affecting bucolics, would wander forth into the fields, crook in hand, and carve her name upon every tree, to the great endangerment of her timber. Every domestic in her household was bribed by one or other of her suitors, and she was under the consequent necessity of changing her establishment twice a year, from the lady's maid to the stable-boy.

While, however, there exists not a rebel in the citadel of the heart, the fortress will hold out long against external assaults, and the widow had got some antediluvian notions into her head about "first love," "respect for the memory of the dead," &c., which, although, no doubt, extremely silly, had the effect of disinclining her from a second speculation in the hazardous adventure of matrimony.

As the numbers of her suitors increased, their individual chances of success, of course, diminished, and, their audacity being in the exact ratio of their despair, her own mansion was no sanctuary against the intrusion of her unbidden guests.

The matchless impudence of one of her visiters deserves particular record. It happened that, one day, the widow went out, for several hours, to call on a friend at some distance, leaving only two male domestics, the butler and a footboy, in the house. Towards evening, a horseman rode up to the hall door, and applied himself with more than ordinary energy to

the knocker. He was a tall, military-looking personage, with a cast of features which might have been termed handsome, but for a certain cynical expression, which much detracted from their pleasing effect. The stranger flung his rein to the boy, desiring him to take his horse to the stable and have it well fed and littered down for the night, and then stalked into the house, and, notwithstanding reiterated announcements from the servants in chorus of "Mistress is not at home, Sir," stopped not until he reached the dining-parlour, when, turning to the butler, who had followed him, he said "Here, let that valise be taken up into her ladyship's chamber, and let a fire be lit there, for it 's rather cool."

"Very cool, indeed," said the domestic, applying the epithet to the speaker and not to the weather, and was meditating some impertinent observation, when the stranger, carelessly, as if it had been his handkerchief, drew a pistol from each pocket, and placed it on the table before him.

The butler, who had a mortal dread of fire-arms, quitted the apartment in haste, as if to do the stranger's bidding, but, in reality, to communicate to his fellow-domestics, the females, his suspicions of the character of the guest. Their conversation was, however, soon interrupted by the violent ringing of the bell, and it was some time before Geoffry could summon courage to answer it.

"Your pleasure, Sir?" said he, re-entering the dining-parlour.

"Some dinner!" responded the other.

The butler paused, but, at length, said, "Very sorry, sir, but we have not got any thing in the house."

"Then look in the poultry-yard," was the reply, "and let me have a broiled chicken in half an hour."

The other stared, but the stranger's eyes happening to fall upon the pistols, Geoffry seemed to understand the appeal, and, being anxious to go off first, hurried out to counsel the sacrifice of a chicken to their common safety. In the course of the half hour, the dish was smoking before the guest, who, having no notion of glasses being placed on table for the mere purpose of ornament, pronounced the monosyllable "Wine."

"If you please, sir," said Geoffry, "we can't get at any, for mistress has got the key of the wine-cellar in her pocket."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the other, "who ever heard of a wine-cellar with only one key?—why, keys in a great man's house are like pistols, there are always two of a pattern."

The allusion had its effect; Geoffry vanished in an instant, and shortly reappeared as Ganymede.

In a few minutes afterwards, the noise of wheels announced the return of Lady Denyers, who, on being informed of the stranger's arrival, like a woman of spirit, went straight into the dining-room to demand an explanation. On the next instant, the servants heard a loud scream from their mistress, and, concluding that she was murdered, they, very dutifully, ran out of the house, and set off, at full speed, each in a different direction, for the doctor.

It seemed that no sooner had the lady cast her eyes upon her visiter, than she uttered a piercing shriek, and sank upon the carpet. Now, when a man faints away, the approved method of treatment is to kick and cuff him till he recover, but, with a woman, the case is somewhat different. The stranger raised her

in his arms, threw half a glass of water in her face, and poured the remainder down her throat, and, at last, succeeded in restoring the patient.

"And is it really you, Sir John?" exclaimed the lady, when she became somewhat tranquil.

"Ay, in very deed, Caroline," was the reply; "ghosts do not drink Madeira and devour chickens."

"Then you were not killed and eaten by those frightful Ashantees?"

"You greatly wrong that very respectable and much slandered people," said Sir John; "they have better tastes, and preferred my society to my flesh, insomuch, that I had some difficulty in escaping from their hospitalities."

"I hope, my dear," said the lady, "you were duly sensible of their attentions?"

"I was very nearly being insensible to them and every thing else, for the worthy gentleman who did me the honour to engross my society, seeing me determined on quitting him, followed me as far as he could, and then fired a parting salute from his musket, into which he had, inadvertently, put a bullet, and left me with half an ounce of lead in my shoulder."

"O dear!" exclaimed the lady, "how very horrid! and did you walk all the way in that state?"

"I did not walk two hundred yards, my love, for I fell into a bush, exhausted from loss of blood, when I was picked up by an Ashantee damsel of sixty, whose charms would have made your Ladyship jealous, and who extracted the ball, put a plaster of herbs to my wound, and smuggled me down to Cape Coast Castle, where I found the report of my death so well authenticated, that I was challenged by an Hibernian brother officer for presuming to doubt it."

"And were you so rash as to fight with him?"

"No, for I had not time, being anxious to embark for England, to relieve your anxieties and to save my executors as much trouble as possible. But how is my nephew?"

"O, in high health and spirits, and inconceivably vain of the title."

"I am sorry for that, because I have not quite done with it."

At this moment, a noise was heard in the passage, occasioned by the return of the domestics, bringing with them the *posse comitatus* and fourteen of the lady's lovers, who, taking it for granted that the ferocious ruffian would have escaped before their arrival, valiantly rushed to her rescue.

When, however, they heard the voice of the intruder in the parlour, it became a point of precedence among them which should enter first: at length, a clown, in the back-ground, pressing forward to get a glimpse of what was going on, inadvertently applied the stimulus of a pitchfork to the rear of the man before him, who communicating the impetus to the next, it passed on to the van, and they all blundered into the room, where, to their utter astonishment, they beheld the living Sir John *tête à tête* with his lady.

Doubtless, you will conclude the Baronet enacted Ulysses on the occasion, and drove out his rivals at point of sword. Credit me, Reader, he did no such thing: he was an old soldier, and a man of the world, and knew better than to make enemies of fourteen blockheads; so he ordered up a dozen of claret, and they made a night of it.

RECRUITING.

THE scarlet coats! the scarlet coats!
They are a graceless set,
From shoulder-strap of worsted lace
To bullion epaulette.

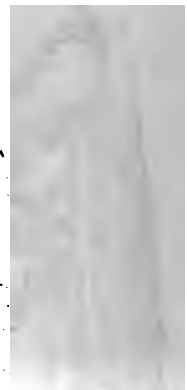
See where they come, with beat of drum,
To seek for heroes willing
To take up arms, and serve the king
For glory and a shilling.

The deuce is in those sergeants' tongues—
What specious lies they tell!
And, what is worse, 't is so perverse,
The women *list* as well.

Poor Tailor Twist his sweetheart miss'd,
Who left the vulgar fraction,
For a grenadier, who had for her
Nine times as much attraction.

Twist shook at the purloiner tall
His shears asunder spread,
As though he wish'd, like Atropos,
To cut the soldier's thread.

RECRUITING.



Why make a strife to gain a wife,
  And grieve in such a strain?
Since what poor Snip esteem'd a loss
  Some folks had counted gain.

His wife had had a sinecure,
  For who could wash, good lack!
And mend for one who 'd not a strip
  Of linen to his back?

And tailors have no need of cooks;
  'T is said, though they deny it,
They live, like sage Pythagoras,
  On vegetable diet.

The blacksmith, too, has cause to rue—
  His cherish'd hopes are banish'd;
For Mars, at his old tricks again,
  With Vulcan's nymph has vanish'd.

Poor simple man! they laid their plan,
  And kept him in the dark,
While he 'd no jealous fears, because
  No blacksmith minds a spark.

Were she his wife, she 'd plague his life,
  And closely his steps follow;
For her *falsette* beats the duet
  Of sledge and anvil hollow.

See, there they are in yonder car,
  Which six lean horses drag on;
Their charms, false twain! are on the wain—
  Well call'd a baggage-waggon.

Then, *au contraire*, how many fair,
  Rail at their luckless stars,
And feel so hurt that swains desert
  From Cupid's ranks to Mars'.

They'd rather fly than ratify
  Vows plighted in their fond age,
And rush to wars, nor reck of scars,
  Preferring death to bondage.

Let not each maid the Fates upbraid,
  Nor mourn her lover flown,
For, though her heart is lost, she still
  May call her soul her own.

The men they loved had haply proved
  As husbands very Neros;
But, single good for nothing chaps,
  They'll make the best of heroes.

THE LIFE OF A PEDAGOGUE.

Aufidius Pummelskin was the son of a drum-major and the regimental washerwoman. How he came by his heathen prefix I could never learn, but, as he happened, unluckily, to be born when the army was in full retreat, his christian name, I presume, was lost with the military chest and the baggage.

He was a fat, chubby-faced little fellow, with a nose like a pod of broad beans, nearly as thick as he was long, and had legs so disproportionately short, that he much resembled a kettle-drum, and was as frequently beaten. At the age of fourteen, from which period he never grew an inch longitudinally, he was placed, by the interest of the colonel of the regiment, at a school in the north of England, as a half boarder, and was, consequently, half boarded, that is to say, half starved, for the first year of his scholarship. Cupid, however, has helped many a man to mend his fortune, and he befriended Fiddy, who contrived to fall in love with his master's daughter. Love is of different kinds; our hero's was of the cupboard variety, and was returned in the most acceptable shape of bread and butter and cold pudding. Thus, though some persons grow thin upon the tender passion, Fid grew fat, to the astonishment of the whole school, and of the master in particular, who were not in the secret.

In the article of learning, as in that of his dinner, he was kept upon short commons, and obtained it as he could. With regard to his classical attainments, as he was indebted for them to the occasional perusal of the Eton grammars of the regular pupils, during their play hours, his acquaintance with the Latin language may be termed entirely *accidental*, and I do not learn that they were ever upon a very familiar footing. Fiddy had, however, no ordinary share of ambition, and it is but justice to state that he made the most of his opportunities, and possessed the useful art of exhibiting what little he knew in the most advantageous light.

Our hero remained four years in his situation, and, at length, began to grow tired of blacking the same forty pairs of shoes for five months at a stretch. Happening, one evening, to get hold of a newspaper by stealth, he read, by the expiring light of a farthing candle, an advertisement, purporting that an assistant was required, at a school in the vicinity of the metropolis, of liberal education, and fully competent to every branch of scholastic instruction, adding that the salary was ten pounds per annum, and that the party would be treated as one of the family.

Fid's bosom swelled with hope and ambition. His education, none could deny, was liberal enough, since he got it for nothing; and the very mention of salary was music to the ears of one who had never called sixpence his own. The only part of the affair which he did not quite relish was the being considered as one of the family, which, he well knew, implied that he would be treated like any thing but a visiter. That, however, was better than shoe-cleaning and short

commons. Accordingly, the next morning, he waited upon his master, with the advertisement in his hand, thanked him for his kind and liberal treatment, and the care he had bestowed on his education, and proposed to shew his gratitude by relieving him of the trouble for the future.

His worthy superior, who had begun to suspect that there was a better understanding between Fid and his daughter than consisted with the welfare of his larder, and who had, moreover, been offered a premium with an aspirant for our hero's situation, met his views with the most cordial co-operation, assisted him in procuring the desired appointment, and dismissed him, to reap the harvest of his good fortune, with a hearty shake of the hand, five shillings, and an old pair of black breeches. Unluckily, a summons from the waggoner, with whom Fid had made interest for an eleemosynary transportation to his new quarters, interrupted his inamorata in her vows of eternal fidelity, which she therefore finished in the ears of the writing-master about an hour afterwards.

On entering upon the duties of his new situation, he discovered that his labours were second only to those of Hercules in magnitude and variety. He had to rise at five, and devote himself to the pupils, in school and out of it, until eight at night; to superintend the equitable distribution of bread and butter, and milk and water, maliciously termed tea, at morning and evening; and, at noon, to help eight and thirty hungry urchins, twice to pudding and once to meat, and swallow his own dinner, all within half

an hour; and, finally, but, assuredly, not the least difficult of his tasks, to sleep in a cock-loft, over the stable, devoured by fleas, and overrun by rats in cohorts.

Fid's ardour, however, was not to be damped by trifles like these, for he was of a happy temperament, and a philosopher to boot; while, with regard to his preceptorial duties, it most conveniently happened that the class more immediately committed to his charge were not out of their Latin grammar, in which he took especial care to keep them, until he had prepared himself for their improvement by privately cramming Corderius in advance of them.

Pummelskin was well aware of the importance of making friends, and, accordingly, addressed himself to the tastes and prejudices of every one around him. He conciliated the schoolmistress by extolling her puddings and currant-wine, which, to say the truth, it was more easy to praise than to swallow; while the humility with which he deferred to the judgment and learning of the master procured for him both favour and information from that quarter. With the pupils he was a universal favourite; he covered many of their pranks, and fathered others; made kites, squirrel-bolts, and cross-bows, to admiration; and, by the help of a good memory and a fertile fancy, would keep them chained to the school-room, on wet days and winter nights, by interminably long stories about Valentine and Orson, and Fortunatus's wishing-cap. In acknowledgment of these useful qualifications, they burned his best breeches upon Guy Fawkes regularly on the fifth of November; put litters of hedge-

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

hogs into his bed, as if there had not been living things enough in it already, and voted him the prince of ushers and good fellows.

In the course of time, the master of the school died, and his widow retired upon the competence he had left her, and, as the pupils, to a boy, petitioned the home department to be allowed to remain under the tutorship of Fiddy, he succeeded to the lucrative business of his late superior.

Our hero no sooner found himself firmly established in his new character, than, with a fitting regard to his dignity, he purveyed him a wig, a St. Andrews' degree, and entered his name on the boards of Trinity College, thereafter writing himself "Aufidius Pummelskin, L. L. D., of Trinity College, Cambridge."

Dr. Pummelskin, however, had a conscience, and engaged a really competent assistant, at a liberal salary, for Fid was no niggard, in order that his pupils might have the benefit of the learning, upon the reputation of which he himself was living. Indeed, with the exception of his occasionally endeavouring to give his scholars a premature knowledge of the world, by teaching them the use of the globes, from which edifying lecture he usually came away with a quarter of hundred of pens in his wig, the good Doctor took very little part in the active duties of the establishment. He contented himself by sitting up, in form, to receive the visits of the friends of his pupils, in his study, with a Theocritus open before him, as often upside down as not, for he did not know an Ω from a horse-shoe. By such means, as well as by a scrupulous attention to the "delicate constitutions"

of only sons with cheeks as red as peonies, and paragraphs in the newspapers, descriptive of the manner in which the "young gentlemen" of Botherbrain House acquitted themselves at their last half-yearly examination, the learned Doctor generally contrives to fill up the "vacancy for one," which his advertisements periodically announce, by half a dozen candidates for the advantages of his "peculiar method of tuition."

MODERN ANTIQUES.

THE ANTIQUARY.

Caleb Crypt was a great antiquary,
  And collector of works of virtu;
A host of antiques, rich and rare, he,
  As the auctioneers write, had "on view."

Among other things, he had got a
  Pict's sword which no modern could wield;
Cups and saucers, in right terra cotta,
  Set on Coriolanus's shield.

He 'd a remnant of Cicero's gown,
  (His waistcoat was made of a piece)
And his bolster was stuff'd with the down
  Of the famous Capitoline geese.

He 'd the fair queen of Carthage's slippers,
  A gift from her false Trojan swain;
And a huge pair of silver-gilt nippers,
  With which Cæsar uncork'd his Champaigne.

He 'd a broom-stick and sugar-loaf hat,
  Once an old Scandinavian witch's;
The whiskers of Whittington's cat,
  And a cast pair of Remus's breeches.

Two fine busts, but of whom 't was not known,
  Since they happen'd to be without faces;
Chinese idols, whose features were thrown
  Into all sorts of ugly grimaces.

Two wine-cups, said to have been made
  In Augustus's time or soon after,
On which scenes so grotesque were display'd,
  That you could not drink from them for laughter.

A quiver of Dian, too, mounted
  With silver, for, Sir, you must know
That, though she and her nymphs were accounted
  Such prim ones, they each had a *bow*.

He 'd a one-legged Venus; a Mars,
  O shame on the Vandals who harm'd him!
For, poor fellow! he 'd been in the wars,
  Where his foes, it would seem, had dis-arm'd
    him.

Now and then, though, our friend got a rub;
  Some antiques were once brought to the hammer,
When he purchased for Hercules' club
  An Irishman's old paving-rammer.

A cat with two tails, a rare lot,
  He next bought, and, soon after the sale,
Found one fasten'd on, which was not,
  Of course, an original *tail*.

Again, at a guinea a pound,
  He purchased, imagine his fury,

The Fifth Harry's breast-plate, and found
  'T was the Harry the Fifth of old Drury.

'T was no part of a friend, though, I wis,
  To expose the true worth of the prize;
For surely, where blindness was bliss,
  It was cruel to open his eyes.

MY FIRST LOVE.

I HAD been thirteen weeks under the hands of the doctor, having, in that period, proved the virtues of every drug in his shop, and arrived at such a genteel state of attenuation, that, when I arrayed myself in my long disused habiliments, they looked as if every garment had been purchased in Monmouth Street, while my boots, "a world too wide for my shrunk shank," resembled a pair of coffer-dams, whereout I was glad to step into those shoes for which, it was some consolation to think, my "next of kin" must be content to wait a little longer than he had lately anticipated. At length, the doctor, growing probably as tired of his patient as the latter was of him, ordered me to the sea-side, a mandate which I prepared to obey with an alacrity arising rather from a desire to escape from bottles and bolus-boxes, than from any expectation of pleasure in the trip.

It was not very easy for me to determine in what direction to shape my course. I had, indeed, had a pressing invitation from my friend B * * * * to ruralize with him for a month, but he was, unfortunately for my hopes of convalescence, one of those matter-of-fact persons who calculate every thing by the rule of three, and, therefore, when he heard that my medical adviser had ordered me two glasses of port *per diem*, would, infallibly, have made me drink

A MAN OF TASTE.

a bottle by way of expediting my recovery. Again, to go to Brighton, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, or to any other place whither the industrious bees of the metropolis are wont to swarm, would be to encounter the same eternal round of faces with which I had become sufficiently familiar in London.

At last, I fixed myself as a boarder in a rather superior sort of farm-house, within two miles of the retired watering-place of S****, in Kent. Whatever deficiencies my sleeping apartment might exhibit, in the way of furniture, in some respects, they were amply compensated by novelty in others. The bed hangings were adorned by illustrations of the history of the prodigal son, printed in medallions, wherein, from his quitting his father's house to his occupation as a swineherd, he was represented in a bag-wig and a sword. The walls were decorated by specimens of needlework, in frames, in one of which Adam was depicted in a blacksmith's apron and flesh-coloured silk stockings; while, in another, which was intended to portray a minstrel seated behind his harp, the strings of the instrument were so substantial that the performer appeared rather as if he were endeavouring to scratch his way through the bars of a prison, than attempting a concord of sweet sounds.

I rose early, and took my breakfast and dinner at the respective and antediluvian hours of eight and one; the pleasure of the latter meal being frequently prolonged by the amusement of chasing each individual green pea, with a two-pronged fork, three times round my cornerless plate, before I succeeded in capturing it. By the way, in the hurry of leaving London, I forgot to ask the doctor if, when prescrib-

ing my allowance of port, he meant wine-glasses or tumblers; so I fixed upon an ale-glass of the worthy farmer's, as a happy medium by which to regulate my potations.

As my strength returned, I was enabled to extend my walks, one of which was to the watering-place I have mentioned, and where I found no unfruitful source of amusement in observing the various characters which composed the loungers upon the beach. Among them was an icthyophagous old citizen, who had repaired to the coast for the express purpose of eating his fish in perfection. Regularly, every morning, did this man of taste, his redundant person being arrayed in a short jean jacket, a black silk waistcoat, and duck trowsers, proceed to the shore to cheapen his dish of fish, while the air of connoisseurship with which he examined his bargain, through his eye glass, would have formed a study for the pencil of Hogarth or Wilkie.

I was also much interested by a bluff old post-captain, who had built himself a house on the shore, and, upon the cliff immediately behind it, he had erected a sort of summer-house which he termed the mast-head, where he spent half his time, reconnoitering the ships as they sailed up and down channel. At other times, he was seen walking about, with one of his pretty daughters upon his arm, looking broadsides at every coxcomb who ventured to lift up his glass at her. It happened that an unfortunate tailor had been crossed in love, and, following the example of Sappho, who, it seems, was advised to try salt-water bathing as a cure for the tender passion, flung himself into the sea in his despair. The amphibious

LOOKING A BROADSIDE.

old captain, throwing off his coat, jumped into the water, caught the fashioner by the neck, and prevented him from attaining his end, by dragging him safe to land.

No sooner did the veteran regain his breath, than, turning fiercely to the shivering "thing of shreds and patches," he said: "How dared you to fling yourself into the sea, when a duck-pond or a water-butt would have answered your purpose, and saved the brave man's grave from profanation by the carrion of a coward who ran away from his gun?" The captain, however, in his drier moments, sent the fellow a guinea, and appointed him tailor extraordinary to his own person.

"But this has nothing to do with your first love," the reader will exclaim. Very little, I confess, but the subject is a painful one, and I approach it with reluctance.

I had read through the few books I brought with me, and the farmer's library presented to me little temptation to pursue my studies, so, at last, for the pure want of something else to do, I fell in love with his daughter. She was my "first love," and I was, of course, sufficiently silly and sentimental on the occasion.

It was after I had prosecuted my suit, as I flattered myself, with some success, that I was walking out, one beautiful summer evening: there was poetry in the blue sky above me, in the grass beneath my feet, in the corn-fields, and in the merry green woods which were waving around me, and last, but surely not the least poetical of all poetical accompaniments, there was hanging upon my arm the farmer's ex-

ceedingly pretty daughter, the *beau ideal* of rural loveliness, with an eye, cheek, figure, and complexion of the most approved patterns. Now, although I have never been able to convince an obstinately undiscerning world of the fact, I possess the poetical temperament in a very high degree, and was, therefore, extremely susceptible of the influence of the external circumstances I have described.

I will here risk an imputation of digressing, and advise lovers in general to be cautious in making love on the coast, and to demean themselves as circumspectly as they would do in a drawing-room, seeing that, in a neighbourhood where every house has its telescope, a man can never be certain that one of them is not turned upon himself.

To return, however, to my own case:—Becoming somewhat wearied by our walk, we sat down upon a stile, which, like your humble servant's, was a very polished style, having been dry-rubbed by the leathern unmentionables of every ploughman in the parish; moreover, like a pedant's period, as Colman says, it was very round. Thus seated by my "ladye love," I was insinuating to the fair damosel that the sun was only the reflection of the flame which was making a cinder of my heart, that is, reducing the diamond (for it was a jewel of a heart) to its original carbon, when, suiting the action to the word, by placing one hand upon my bosom, and extending the other towards the luminary, I unluckily lost my balance, and, falling backwards, I caught hold of a twig of a black-thorn, which, as a sailor would say, *slewed* me round into a ditch, where, "fathoms deep," I found myself shut out from the light of day by a forest of nettles.

On applying my hand to a part on which I had received a blow in my fall, I found, to my inexpressible chagrin, that I had *staked* my lower envelopments in the transaction, and thereby acquired an additional and most inconveniently situated pocket.

To make my appearance before the lady in such a plight was not to be thought of, and to remain in the ditch, blistered by nettles, was equally unendurable. In this dilemma, I recurred to my late grandmother's brooch, a cluster of brilliants as large as a shilling, which nothing but respect for the venerable donor could ever have reconciled me to wear on my bosom. I detached the ornament from its wonted place, and, having applied it to reconcile, as well as I could, the unseemly rent, than which the Catholic rent was more easily got together, I scrambled out of the ditch, and presented myself and my apologies to the maiden, who had barely time to compose her features into the fashion of condolence, for the sound of her cachinnations had reached me in my "oozy bed."

"Love," said my friend the Corporal, and he was a philosopher, "is the most serious thing in life," and credit me, Reader, that when once a woman is provoked to laugh at you, you have looked your last upon her love. Young as I was, I knew this, and, in addition to the humiliating conviction, I had the mortification of hearing, on our return through the village, the titters of the gentle, and the loud laugh of the simple, at the extraordinary situation I had assigned to my grandmother's brooch, which the sun, as if in revenge for my comparison of his flame to my own, rendered more conspicuous by illuminating it with his setting beams.

Let no man remain within fifty miles of his mistress after his suit has come to an unsuccessful issue. As for myself, I decamped, without beat of drum, leaving a note to the farmer, inclosing something more than the balance of my account, and requesting his acceptance of my percussion *Joe Manton* as an acknowledgment of his hospitable attentions.

Mary, I hear, has since been married to a wealthy yeoman, and is a happier wife than the gentleman of the poetical temperament would have made her; while I ——but that is no affair of the Reader's.

CREDULITY.

THE TENDER PASSION.

Love 's doubtless a disease, and may, with truth,
Be rank'd among the maladies of youth,
With hooping-cough, and measles, and a host
Of dire *etcætera*, which, to our cost,
  'T wixt infancy and manhood intervene.
I caught, at my last boarding-school, th' infection,
And, spite of grave preceptors' circumspection,
  Was desperately smitten at fourteen;
Experiencing the aches, and pains, and twinges,
  Inflicted by two sparkling eyes which shine,
  E'en now, the brightest gems in memory's mine:
And then her golden ringlets! they were springes
For catching simple hearts, as poachers snare,
The lawless rogues! a pheasant or a hare.

She was a pupil in that sort of school
  Whose title upon many a board display'd is,
  "A Finishing Establishment for Ladies,"
Where maidens learn to think and feel by rule,
  Receiving Education's final touch:
Nor will you deem the purchased knowledge dear,
When, for about two hundred pounds a year,
  They 're taught the way to spend ten times as
    much;
Besides approved expedients for killing
Old Time, to wit, coquetting and quadrilling.

And when the wish'd-for period arrives
  For "bringing out" the damsels, they are sent
  Forth to the world with each accomplishment,
And qualified for every thing—but wives.

But obstacles will ever intervene
(Alas that Fate will have it so!) between
True lovers' hearts: there stood a wall of brick,
Some ten feet high, and enviously thick,
  Which, having suffer'd from dilapidations,
Had some convenient fissures, and, through one,
We managed, for some weeks, to carry on
  Our Pyramus and Thisbe conversations.
And now and then a billet would slip through,
With locks of hair, and verses not a few,
Lauding her face, and form, and voice seraphic,
In neatly turn'd hexameter and sapphic,
With many a quaint conceit and simile
  (Like nothing but itself) ornately loaded.
At last we made a confidante, and she,
  Of course, betray'd us, and the plot exploded.

What are Love's symptoms? strange hallucinations,
Flush'd cheeks, unequal pulse, and palpitations.
See yonder dame peruse, with greedy eyes,
And simple faith, a quarto sheet of lies.
"'T is an eternity since last we met!"
So writes her dear idolater, and yet,
But yesternight, in her papa's alcove,
  The lovers sat, secure from vulgar eyes,
  And parted, breathing tender vows and sighs
And all the dear tom-fooleries of love,

While she implicitly each word devours:
  Fond girl! to his "eternal truth" to trust,
  When that eternity of truth is just,
On his own shewing, four-and-twenty hours.

Yet Love is not confined to tender ages,
But, like small-pox, attacks at riper stages.
Gout has been deem'd, by writers scientific,
'Gainst other ills a sovereign specific,
But love you 'll find in the *excipienda*;
(Exceptio probat): I had once a friend, a
Fat bachelor of sixty, who was sceptical
  On all the learned have on peptics said,
  And, therefore, of his gastric warehouse made
A very miscellaneous receptacle;
Drank the king's health, in Burgundy, most loyally,
  Nor e'en, when gout laid hold of him, refrain'd
  From his indulgences, but entertain'd
The gout, as he did all his guests, most royally.

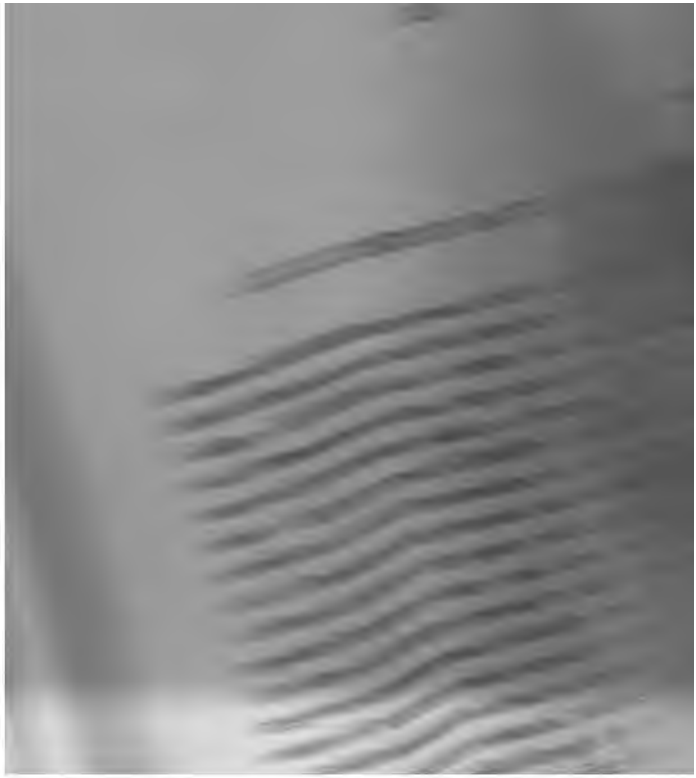
You 'd think it probable that such a man
  Would bow at any other shrine than Love's;
And that my friend's excursive fancy ran
  Much more on turtles than on turtle-doves.
I 'll shew you, as old Shakspeare says, "the manner of it;"
  For, since I 've made allusion to his flame,
You 'll doubtless, Reader, wish to know the fanner of it.
  It was a damsel, Sally Smirk by name,
Who was no other than my friend's cook-maid.
Her province 't was, each morning, to parade
Before her master various sorts of fish,
T' enable him to fix upon his dish,

And save him from a call, which he, when younger,
Made matutinally on his fishmonger.

Now Sarah was a favourite, by reason,
It was alleged, of her nice skill to season,
Exactly to our gourmand's taste, ragouts,
Soups, curries, hashes, harricoes, and stews.
Sal sapit omnia : and, ne'er at fault,
She knew his palate to a grain of salt.
One morn when she, as was her wont, display'd
The fish in season for her master's choice,
He smiled, and, with much pathos in his voice,
"I think," he said, "I should prefer the *maid* ;
Nay, silly girl, I do n't mean that, but this :"
And then, forthwith, by way of a prevention
Of any possible misapprehension,
Imprinted on sweet Sarah's lips a kiss.

"O fie !" she said, the freedom so much shock'd her,
"I never gave you licence, Sir, not I"—
"Nor need you give me one," was his reply,
"I 'll purchase one, this morning, of my proctor,
With which, to-morrow, dearest girl, we 'll marry :
But let the haunch, my love, be dress'd to-day,
With some nice dish, served up in your best way ;
I 've ask'd three friends—'t will be a *partie quarrée :*
But, Sarah, reach your hand, that I may bring,
When I return, a fitting wedding ring :
Sweet rosy fingers !" (here he kiss'd them) "there !
Now hasten, Sally, for my guests prepare ;
Tomorrow ! O that Time his wheels would quicken !
Do n't over-do the wild-ducks, that 's a chicken !"

INDECISION.



Love is, as I have shewn, a pain that vexes
Folk of each rank, all ages, and both sexes.
Is there no cure? some things as such are lauded;
  Absence, cold bathing, brandy, and Champaigne,
  Have all been tried, and most of them in vain,
While some have kill'd the patient, and defrauded,
Most shamefully, the regular physician
Of fees which most men pay him for permission
To quit the world *secundum artem.* O
That Love should jockey Æsculapius so!
Although I should unwillingly disparage
  Those who the noble art of healing practise,
  Yet, touching this same malady, the fact is,
There is no certain cure for it but marriage.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

Soldiers have been conspicuous for their gallantry, in both senses of the word, from the earliest period of history to the present day. The gay and gifted Raleigh is celebrated for having, as his illustrious namesake of Abbotsford hath it, "spoiled a cloak and made a court fortune," a piece of good luck which, it is alleged, he owed to Elizabeth's having appropriated to the woman the homage which was intended for the queen.

The — regiment of foot was quartered in a small village on the southern coast of England, where, from the colonel to the corporals, the officers were distinguished as skilful engineers, and played off the artillery of love upon the whole fair sex of the neighbourhood, from the dowager to the dairy-maid.

Among the officers there was a captain who, from certain antediluvian notions and habits which he had contracted, had the reputation, throughout the mess, of being a "queer fellow." For instance, he was never in debt to the paymaster, he paid his tailor and his washerwoman with the most unfashionable punctuality, and had actually refused to challenge the adjutant, who had inadvertently trodden on his dog's tail. It was as well, perhaps, for the injured party (I do not mean the dog) that the captain did not resort to that approved method of redressing his

SPOILING A CLOAK AND MAKING A FORTUNE.

wrongs, since, if he had been shot over-night, he would not, in all probability, have led the forlorn hope on the following morning, on which occasion he was honoured by the most flattering marks of distinction from both armies; namely, a bullet from the enemy, and a captain's commission from his general.

It happened that, in a little cottage on the skirts of the village, there resided an aged widow and her niece, who, by means of a small pension enjoyed by the former, assisted by the pencil of the latter, contrived to live in respectable, though humble retirement.

I very much regret that it is not in my power to introduce my heroine by the name of De Mowbray, or some other equally aristocratic cognomen; but truth, to which the readers of this volume cannot but have remarked my pertinacious adherence on all occasions, compels me to state that her name was Thompson—Katy Thompson.

"Was she beautiful?" you will ask. I cannot venture to say, since opinions were divided on the subject, the men voting her an angel, the women, a fright. "Had she a dark, sparkling eye?" No; but she had *two* uncommonly vivacious grey ones. "Was her nose Grecian or Roman?" Neither; it was English. "Had she the down of the peach upon her cheek, and the honey of Hybla upon her lip?" I cannot tell, for I never kissed her. "Had she the symmetry of the Venus de Medicis?" I cannot possibly guess what figure the goddess might exhibit when decently attired, but I have it upon the unquestionable authority of her shoemaker that Katy had an

exceedingly pretty foot and ancle, and, therefore, adopting the ancient rule of "*ex pede*," I take for granted that the rest of her person was, as the Scots say, "conforming." In fact, I am disposed to judge very favourably of her *tout ensemble*, since Captain Cleveland, the hero of the forlorn hope, who was somewhat fastidious in those matters, fell in love with her at first sight, and, unluckily, his example was followed by the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, a gentleman who was indebted for the rank he held rather to Plutus than to Mars, since he had bought his way up to his command, without having had his olfactories incommoded by the smell of gunpowder, except on review days.

I have heard it inconsiderately urged that such situations should be filled only by veteran officers; but what, I ask, could, by possibility, be more absurd than to place a man at the head of a regiment who has been worn out in the service of his country, when there are so many younger men willing to undertake the arduous duties of a home command.

Whatever might have been the Colonel's success as a warrior, had he had an opportunity of proving it, I cannot pretend to judge, but certain it is that, in the instance of Katy, he was any thing but successful as a lover, since the Captain defeated him at all points, in a manner totally subversive of discipline, and contrary to the articles of war, which affix the punishment of death to the offence of beating a superior officer.

Now, the Colonel was rather a handsome man, and looked uncommonly well when he was in regimentals and a good humour, ornaments, by the way, which

A MILITARY SALUTE.

he did not always put on at the same time. To what, therefore, the failure of his suit with Katy was attributable I cannot divine, unless it was to the trifling circumstance of his having a wife already. Ardent, however, as was his love for the fair damsel, it does not appear that his affection extended to her favourites, for he hated the Captain mortally, which was rather extraordinary, seeing that their tastes were so exactly similar.

While matters were in this position, an order arrived for the removal of the regiment to a distant part of the kingdom, and it happened that Cleveland, for some purpose, the nature of which does not appear, remained behind for two days after the departure of the main body. On the day on which he was to follow, he rose very early, repaired to the cottage of his "ladye love," and tapped at the casement, when a face appeared, through the thin muslin curtain, as beautiful as Aurora flinging aside the mists of the morning; and—elevate your fans, ye blushing spinsters of eight and thirty—the lovers sweetened the bitter moment of parting with a kiss!—ay, a kiss, given in all honour, and returned in generous and confiding affection, and where was the sin or the shame? In the polluted imaginations of those who would judge otherwise than charitably of the deed.

It was at a small market-town that the Captain halted for the night, and took up his quarters at what is called the "commercial inn," that is, a house frequented by a class of persons formerly termed travellers or bagmen, but, in the language of modern refinement, designated commercial gentlemen, who, with the original name, appear to have exchanged

many of the habits which distinguished their caste. The character, in the olden time, was represented by a weather-beaten veteran, mounted upon a stout horse, with huge saddle-bags (the *unde derivatur* of his designation) at his crupper, stuffed with patterns of the articles in which he or his employer dealt. They lived well, and drank hard, and never considered a customer in a sufficiently discriminating condition to give an order until he was fairly under the table; and great indeed was the surprise of their victim, when, about a fortnight afterwards, he received, by the waggon, articles, either of such a description as he had never dreamed of purchasing, or else in grosses instead of dozens.

The race, however, is now nearly extinct, having given place to a set of gallant gay Lotharios, arrayed in the latest cut which has found its way through Temple-bar, and laden, rather than ornamented, with such a weight of rings, chains, and seals, as if, by any chance, they were to find their way into a river or a mill-pond, would infallibly sink them to the bottom, though they had the natant energies of Leander or Lord Byron. They are superlative critics in women and horse-flesh, and, eschewing drinking, as "beneath a gentleman," they recommend themselves and their wares to their customers through the latter's wives and daughters, by presents of *bijouterie* and *eau de Cologne;* and I have actually heard of one of them perpetrating poetry in the album of an ironmonger's heiress at Birmingham.

A solitary specimen of the old school, though as uncommon as a cocked hat, is yet occasionally to be met with; and it was an individual of this species

A BAGMAN.

whom Cleveland observed dismounting at the door of the inn. He was somewhat advanced in life, and his hard, but shrewd countenance bore marks of exposure to weather, and of his free habits of living. He entered the coffee-room with his saddle-bags, which he flung upon a chair, and expressed himself much chagrined when he was informed that his dinner could not be prepared for an hour. The Captain, however, interrupted the altercation with the landlady, by saying that his own dinner was about to be served up, and, if the traveller would join his mess, he should be happy in his company.

Cleveland was a gentleman, and had none of that sensitiveness which distinguishes the vulgar of all ranks, and renders them so jealous of contact with those whom they consider their inferiors. He was, moreover, a keen observer of human nature, and delighted in every opportunity of studying it. The character of the traveller, too, was new to him, and he contrived to bring out its points by falling into the train of his companion's conversation; while the latter, whom the general hauteur of the military had prejudiced against the profession, was much captivated by the affability of the officer.

When the cloth was removed, the bagman inquired of the Captain by what name he should drink to the health of a gentleman to whose politeness he felt himself so much indebted.

"Captain Cleveland," was the reply.

"What the Cleveland who led the forlorn hope at * * * * *?" pursued the other.

"I had that honour," responded the man of war.

"Say rather the folly," rejoined the traveller:

"nevertheless, Captain Cleveland, I drink to your health and speedy promotion, which I earnestly recommend you to seek by some less hazardous experiment than leading a forlorn hope."

"And that, sir," rejoined the Captain, "is a road to preferment which an officer has rarely the opportunity of treading more than once in his life."

"Which, I take it, is just once oftener than he can reasonably hope to do so with success," continued the bagman. "But there are other paths to promotion, are there not?"

"O yes! money and interest," was the answer.

"Then, try them," said the traveller.

"Bid me hang my hat upon either horn of yonder crescent moon," replied the Captain, "and I could as easily do one thing as the other. I have been too much engaged in active service abroad to have had opportunities of making interest at head-quarters; and, as for money, you as a man of accounts may be able to judge how long it would take to save the price of a majority out of a captain's pay, which is all that I can call my own."

"Nonsense, man!" said the other, "you view the matter on the dark side. People are not so blind to merit as you imagine, and promotion may be nearer than you expect. Why," he continued, pointing to a man who was bargaining with an Italian, in the street, for a bust of Wellington, "should you despair of obtaining the countenance of the minister, while yonder cobbler can buy it for sixpence? I myself was once a junior clerk in the house for which I am now travelling, by choice, as head of the firm. Why, sir, when I first came up to town 'upon liking,' I

OBTAINING THE COUNTENANCE OF THE MINISTER.

had only half-a-crown in my pocket, and now—but bless me! it is past eight o'clock, and, if I don't make haste, old Doublechin, my best customer, will have gone to his club at the 'Blue Pig,' and I shall lose an order." As he said these words, he gathered up his saddle-bags, and hurried away, to try his persuasive powers on the "general dealer."

On the following morning, Cleveland joined his regiment, and weeks and months rolled away, during which he was made to feel, by a series of petty annoyances, which those in power are enabled to inflict on their subordinates, that the Colonel had not forgotten his successful rivalship. These persecutions, for they merited the designation, were, at last, carried to such an extent, that Cleveland determined on applying to be placed upon half-pay. Before, however, he could put his resolution into practice, he received a letter from his agents, informing him that, some months previously, a sum of money had been lodged in their hands, by a person who would not give his name, for the purpose of purchasing Cleveland's promotion. The letter proceeded to state that the opportunity had presented itself, and that a majority awaited his acceptance, which, of course, he did not hesitate to signify, and his promotion was gazetted accordingly.

"But where," the reader will inquire, "was Katy all this time?" Certainly not upon a bed of roses, since the osculatory scene, in which we and the Captain took leave of her, was observed from behind a pump by two of those sleepless animals yclept washerwomen, and, when our heroine next walked out into the village, she found that, with her

lover, she had lost her character. The eyes of every female in the place, young and old, were thrown up in horror and astonishment at so scandalous a violation of the rules of propriety and decorum, while all their tongues were loud in abusing, or, which is the same thing, in pitying her, and many and sage were their prognostics on the occasion.

One fine summer morning, the bells of the village were set ringing with an energy which made the old steeple rock again, to the great discomfiture of the jackdaws and starlings, and the indescribable astonishment of the inhabitants, which was not diminished when they saw "the unfortunate young woman" handed into a chaise at the church-door, the happy bride of the gallant Major Cleveland.

Some months after his marriage, and when he was comfortably settled in a beautiful little cottage in the vicinity of his regiment, he was surprised, one morning, by a visit from his old acquaintance, the bagman, who said that he had read both of his advancement and his marriage in the newspaper, and had taken an opportunity of killing two birds with one stone, by congratulating him on both events at the same time. The Major, at the risk of being sent to Coventry by the regiment, invited his visiter to stay to dinner, after which, the old gentleman inadvertently betrayed the fact of his instrumentality in our hero's promotion. He then apologized for the liberty he had taken, and trusted that the Major would excuse the gratification of the whim of an old bachelor, who had more money than he knew how to spend.

I have since heard that our friend, the bagman, has resigned his office of traveller for the house to a

junior partner, alleging that both the fatigue and the drinking are too much for him. He pays a visit to the Major and his lady regularly twice a year, has taken a prodigious fancy to the children, and it is more than suspected, by those who are in his confidence, that he has made a will in their favour.

A RIDE TO THE RACES.

Come, Tom, with speed,
Bring out my steed,
I'll ride to Ascot races,
The heath to range,
Mid medleys strange,
Black legs and lovely faces.

Ay, there they go,
Some fast, some slow,
What founder'd hacks they straddle!
The sum per day
The riders pay
Should buy bôth horse and saddle.

How odd a sight
Is that! the wight
Some "thing of shreds," of course, is;
His lengthy snout
Is poking out
A yard beyond his horse's.

What ails the mare?
She starts, and there
The tailor sprawls beside her!
The beast took fright,
As well she might,
At sight of her own rider.

TRAINING.

What crowds approach
The scene, in coach,
In gigs, on foot, on donkeys;
While stunted chaps,
In gay striped caps,
Stand, here and there, like monkeys.

Behold, drawn up,
To win the cup,
Steeds at the staff they call
The starting-post—
'T is known to most
It never starts at all.

See "Greek meet Greek,"
Whose eyes bespeak,
The greed of gain: 't is well
To name the den
Of such vile men,
What they have made it—*hell.*

At each reverse,
The gamester's curse
Bursts from his lips profane;
His fever'd blood
Is a "lava flood,"
And fire is in his brain.

The race is done,
The cup is won;
The Duke's brown filly, "Honour,"
Broke down, because
(How silly 't was!)
He laid too much upon her.

Some pay their bets,
But not their debts;
Some pay (you 'll think it funny)
The *fishmonger*,
While, folk aver,
Poor Snip can 't get his money.

The pageant 's gone—
Mere lookers-on
To talk of six hours' pleasure;
While some return
To town to mourn
Lost hopes, and wasted treasure.

Alas! for those,
Their own worst foes;
What fruit from gambling comes!
Remorse that brings
Its thousand stings,
And desolated homes.

AN EXHIBITION.

MEMOIRS OF A PAINTER.

Humphrey Higgins was the son of a grazier in Romney Marsh, a district in Kent, celebrated for its productiveness in the articles of grass, corn, and agues, as well as for possessing a parish in which the service is performed with the greatest regularity, namely, once a year, and in the most primitive manner possible, that is to say, in a church wanting two walls and a roof.

Humphrey had the good fortune to be born a genius, the first evidence of which appeared on his father's pig-stye, whereon he depicted, by the aid of a marking-brush and some sheep-tar, a quart bottle, surmounted by a pair of crossed tobacco-pipes, objects with which his infant mind had become familiarized. The grazier, happening to pass as his son was giving the finishing touch to his maiden effort, was struck by the performance, and, maugre the protestations of the painter, whose opinion, it should seem, ought to have had some weight in determining the object intended to be portrayed, pronounced it to be an exact representation of his neighbour Grist's windmill. The pig-stye being considered a disgrace to the picture, though there were some persons envious or ill-natured enough to affirm that the picture was a disgrace to the pig-stye, the sketch was sawn out of the board, and suspended over the parlour chimney-piece, to the admiration of all visiters, as a specimen of family genius.

From that hour, his father, who had intended that his son should cultivate the soil, determined that he should cultivate his talents instead, and, accordingly, Humphrey, under the superintendence of a provincial master, applied himself to the art, and began to draw cattle instead of driving them. Year after year passed away, each marked by the progressive improvement of our hero in his profession, until, at length, his father died, leaving his property to his widow, and his son to her maternal care and protection. The lady acknowledged the compliment by taking unto herself a second husband, as soon as she had mourned the accustomed period for her first.

Three days after the nuptials, Humphrey's stepfather called him aside, shook him by the hand, and assured him of the deep interest he took in his welfare, and of his determination to promote it to the utmost —by his advice. He then complimented our hero on his graphic talents, and recommended him to proceed, without delay, to the metropolis, as the only place in which they would be duly appreciated, concluding by generously presenting him with a five pound note to defray his expenses thither. Humphrey took the hint and the note, for one would have been of little use without the other, and set out for London with the resolution to make the most of his talents; not that he had an overweening opinion of their value, but because he had no other earthly means of getting a living.

On his arrival in town, he waited upon a person connected with the arts, to whom he had a card of introduction, and who, on glancing at the specimens the young aspirant produced, assured him that they

A BANQUET.

would never do, and recommended him to commence the study *de novo*. Higgins, seeing no alternative, followed the advice, and began by grinding colours for the adviser, who, however, though he alleged that he could get the operation performed by steam for half the money, repaid his labours by wages that barely afforded our hero bread and cheese, and an occasional three-penny-worth of *à-la-mode*, on which latter he was wont to regale himself at the house of a celebrated Frenchman, who was reputed to possess the art of causing the animal ingredient of his dish to go so far as to enable him to make a fortune on a shin of beef per week.

Disgusted, at last, with the employment and the parsimony of his employer, Humphrey threw up the appointment, and determined upon trying his luck at the Exhibition. The subject he fixed on was Sappho playing on her lyre; and influenced, probably, by the line in her address to Phaon,

> "Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame,"

he managed the complexion of the poetess more in accordance with that description than with the received notions of female beauty in England. He succeeded, however, in gaining admission for his performance to the Royal Academy; but never was any picture so mauled in this world of cant and criticism. One reviewer maintained that the painter should have been hanged up instead of the picture; another compared his Sappho to a black cat behind a gridiron; while all concurred in asserting that it was the most execrable daub that ever defaced a wall.

Higgins had named the price of his painting to

one of the officials of the Academy, but the last day of the Exhibition had arrived, and the picture was unsold. Smarting under the anguish of "hope deferred," he was sitting in his miserable garret, with a dry crust and a glass of water before him, his only meal in possession or prospective, and lamenting, in the bitterness of his soul, that he had not been brought up a ploughman or a shoemaker. Poverty, when it touches the starving point, is a positive evil, and a three-penny loaf is worth all the arguments of the philosophy which would prove it otherwise. Of what avail, under the pressure of the iron hand of Penury, is genius to its possessor, but to add keenness to his sufferings, and pathos to the out-pourings of his wounded spirit?

While Humphrey was thus resigning himself a prey to the most melancholy forebodings, his door opened, and there entered a gentleman, who was attired more after the fashion of the old school than was warranted by his age, which appeared to be about eight and forty.

"Mr. Higgins, I presume," he said, and, perceiving the poor artist to be in some confusion at having been discovered at such a banquet, continued: "Under Dr. Peptic, I see—they say he is a clever fellow, but I do n't fancy the diet he prescribes; it is too much like his manners, somewhat of the coarsest: suppose you try mine, and take your dinner with me to-day at six." He laid his card upon the table as he added: "Perhaps you will allow my servant to take a specimen or two of your landscapes, which we will look over after dinner, when, I have the vanity to think, I can give you a hint or two which may be

useful. In the mean time, here is a draft for your Sappho, which can be sent to my house at your convenience." Humphrey took the draft, stared vacantly at the amount, stammered out a few words of acknowledgment, and burst into tears. The stranger, complaining of the dust, began to wipe the corners of his eyes, and, at last, faced about, and rushed out of the apartment.

Higgins sat down, with his new acquaintance, to an excellent dinner, for which his lunch had not spoiled his appetite, and, when the cloth was removed, the landscapes were produced.

Mr. Higgins," said his host, with an ominous shake of the head, "these will not do."

"I am very sorry, sir," replied the artist, "that they have not your approbation."

"Nay, I did not say that," continued the other; "but, sir, they will not do for the public."

"They were done from Nature," observed the painter timidly.

"Ay," exclaimed the entertainer, "that is the very thing: Nature will not do in these days, either in painting or in poetry. How can you expect that the public will care to look at your pictures of green trees, and bay horses, and dun cows, when they can go to Hampstead or Highgate, any day in the year, and see the originals. If you would wish to captivate the town, take my advice, and use only one colour, at least in the same picture. Let orange, for instance, pervade the piece, in all its shades: let there be orange cows, orange horses, orange trees, (though they do n't flourish much in England) in fact, orange every thing. By the way, now I think of it, your studio has a bad

light; you shall come and stay with me for a month, and, if you follow my directions, my life for it, you will be a great man. Nay, no thanks, but fill your glass, and pass the claret-jug."

Humphrey followed his patron's advice, painted in oil and water-colours, and exhibited, at first at institutions, and, afterwards, in a gallery of his own. The public were in raptures with his performances, as they were with the Siamese youths, because they had never seen any thing like them before in nature or art. He became a lion of the longest tail; was fed and flattered by all the fashion in town, and invited to great lords' seats, and fat dowagers' tea-parties; while "Honourable Misses" sent him their scrap-books, as a compliment to his genius, and an economical method of obtaining "a Higgins," without which, no gallery, album, or annual, was deemed complete.

Our artist, when he had realized a handsome provision by the sale of his mono-tints, lapsed into his old practice of colouring from Nature, and, when remonstrated with on the subject, replied, that it was one thing to work for present fame and profit, and another thing to paint for posterity. For my own part, however, I must confess my sympathy with a gentleman of whom I have read, who, on being urged to some sacrifice for the sake of posterity, naturally inquired "What has posterity done for me?" whereas the living public, though they may occasionally be somewhat erratic in their taste, are always ready to pay liberally for its gratification. *Suum cuique*, as the classical rat-catcher of my native village was wont to say, when he turned the tenth rat he caught alive into the parson's barn.

THE RAT-CATCHER.

A COURT DAY.

THE COURT-DAY.

SEE there they go, a splendid mob,
  In pomp, parade, and bustle;
Where jewels shine, and feathers wave,
  And silks and satins rustle.

While, here and there, to keep the peace,
  Bow-street policemen stand;
And beef-eaters, like knaves of clubs,
  Are ranged on either hand.

See Learning in his gown and wig;
  Nobility in stars;
With Beauty in her blandest smiles,
  And Valour in his scars.

Mark one, with rapier 't wixt his legs,
  Bow to a Treasury Lord;
Sweet sir, take heed, or Brutus-like,
  You 'll fall on your own sword!

What hosts there march to tell the King
  They are his most devoted!
Some go to seek promotion, some
  Because they 've been promoted.

See bishop and post-captain, come
  From their respective *sees*;

And doctors who, for kingly smiles,
  Forego their morning's fees.

Some go to kneel, for knighthood's load
  Of honour, down like camels;
High dames, to blush and court'sy, who
  Have just own'd Hymen's trammels.

The pageant glides from vulgar eyes;
  To swell the train I sigh not;
I would but pluck some sprigs of bay;
  For courtly fame I try not.

Why should I tempt th' uncertain sea
  And quicksands of a court,
When I can drink King William's health
  And his good Queen's *in port?*

A DARK PROSPECT.

THE NEW RECTOR.

Reader! do you see the gentleman in black there? I do not mean the chimney-sweeper, but the equestrian, in a shovel hat and powdered wig, who is turning the corner of the street by the cobbler's stall. It is my friend Doctor Broadbase, a sound scholar, an orthodox divine, and, for many years, the ornament of * * * * College, Oxford, where he fought his way up from his "commons of mutton" to a fellowship, and the consequent fruition of the good dinners, old wine, and venerable jokes of the high table.

As I hold it inexpedient to trouble a friend with inquiries as to his ancestry, unless I have previously ascertained it to have been noble, I am unable to speak with any degree of precision as to the Doctor's; but that he belonged to a great family is certain, since he was one of fifteen children. He was educated at a public grammar-school *by* the celebrated and corpulent Doctor * * * *—I cannot say *under* him, for the worthy pedagogue was half a head shorter than most of his scholars, and was usually under the necessity of mounting a stool when he had occasion to chastise a delinquent or a dunce. Broadbase is one of the best tempered creatures alive, whom it is impossible, under any circumstances, to draw into an altercation. Quarrelling, among persons who, like

those of his cloth, are restricted from fighting, he maintains to be the most tedious and unprofitable employment upon earth, and, therefore, to be avoided like a pestilence.

It happened that the college of which our hero was a fellow was one day favoured by a visit from a high dignitary of the church, who was, of course, received with all the honours, from the porter to the principal, and that important officer, the cook, was instructed to make due preparation for the entertainment of the illustrious guest.

Shortly after the cloth was removed, the principal was interrupted in one of his longest stories, to the great relief of his auditors, and of the bishop in particular, by the arrival of a messenger with the news that one of the college livings had become vacant by the death of the incumbent, with whom the parishioners had been waging war for some years, and had expressed their benevolent intention of extending to his successor, whoever he might be, the benefit of the quarrel, in the silly hope of freeing themselves of a claimant for the tithes altogether.

The living having been successively refused by the senior fellows, was, at last, offered to Broadbase, who, to the astonishment of all who knew his pacific disposition, unhesitatingly accepted it. Now the Doctor was much attached to a college life, and, having been jilted by his first love, had forsworn matrimony. It may, therefore, be fairly taken for granted that his acceptance of the living and consequent resignation of his fellowship were prompted by the purest motives; namely, a sense of duty and a desire to do good.

SYMPTOMS OF A DINNER.

Having made arrangements, through an agent, for the purchase of the furniture of the parsonage, he sent his luggage by the coach, and followed, a few days afterwards, in a post-chaise. On arriving within a mile of his destination, he perceived that every preparation had been made for his reception, a waggon having been drawn across the only carriage-road to the house, so as effectually to prevent the approach of his vehicle, out of which, therefore, he stepped, at some distance from the impediment, and, having discharged the post-boy, walked across the fields to the parsonage, with the air of a man who did so by choice, and without appearing to notice the indications of popular feeling by which he was greeted on his way.

On entering his future residence, he found the door wide open, and discovered the pigs in the parlour, the ducks in the drawing-room, and that very contemplative bird, the owl, at roost in the study. With the greatest imaginable urbanity he bowed the intruders out, closed the door, and, having no inclination for refreshment, threw himself upon a couch, there to ruminate upon his future proceedings, and, if possible, to sleep off the fatigues of the day.

Early on the next morning he received a visit from the parish clerk, who informed him that the servant that had been engaged at the parsonage, by the doctor's agent, had quitted it, on the instigation of the town's-people, and that he would have some difficulty in finding a substitute. Broadbase merely replied, "Mr. Pitchpipe, you see how matters stand with us: if the parishioners succeed in what appears to be their object, namely, to starve out the Rector, your office will fall into abeyance as a matter of course; where-

fore, for my sake as well as your own, I pray you go into the town, and purvey me some breakfast, with all diligence; and, with respect to a servant, as ours is, happily, a land of freedom, in which we can compel the services of no one, you and I must manage the household duties between us."

A week passed on, during which our clerical friend was frequently employed in cooking a beef-steak, or superintending the mystery of boiling a potato, while Pitchpipe washed the dishes, and made the beds, and, between the two, there was wild work among the crockery; in fact, by the Saturday night, there were few establishments that could boast of so many *pieces of plate* as the doctor's.

On the following Sunday, the Rector, who, with a voice of much melody and a graceful delivery, possessed very considerable powers of eloquence, entered upon his clerical duties, and, to a crowded auditory, whom curiosity had attracted, he preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion of his incumbency, and, without any allusion to their conduct during the past week, concluded by an address to his parishioners, at once solemn and affectionate. On the better disposed of them, his previous forbearance, under a series of insults and annoyances, had made a favourable impression, and the sermon completed his victory. On the next morning he had his choice of twenty cooks, house-maids, and servants of all-work, and, before the week was over, he had compounded with the principal landholders for the tithes, upon terms as honourable to his liberality as they were satisfactory to them.

The doctor is still in the vigour of his intellect,

THE STUDIO.

and the idol of the parish. A good-natured and somewhat eminent artist of my acquaintance always made a point of attending to the suggestions of the connoisseurs who frequented his studio, when he could do so without spoiling his picture; Dr. Broadbase, from a similar, though higher motive, is accustomed to humour the prejudices of his flock in unimportant matters, where compliance involves not a compromise of principle; while, on the other hand, he reproves their back-slidings with a courage becoming alike the sacredness of his office, and the manliness of his mind.

HYDROPHOBIA.

"Mad dog! mad dog!" see there he flies,
Of learning no respecter;
If no one shoot or brain the brute,
He 'll surely bite the Rector.

"Mad dog! mad dog!" how fast he runs!
With hundreds at his tail,
Each with some murd'rous weapon arm'd,
Club, pitchfork, spade, or flail.

Boys join the throng, and, spit in hand,
The cook runs out; and see
The draper with his fowling-piece
Well charged with No. 3.

He had done better to have fill'd
The deadly tube with chaff,
For he has miss'd the butcher's dog,
And hit the parson's *calf*.

Now, past the doctor, swift he scuds;
They 'll never overtake him;
If he was not stark mad before,
They 've gone the way to make him.

KUNOPHOBIA—THE CHURCH IN DANGER.

He would not drink, they say, but if
  A dread of water be
A symptom of the dire disease,
  I 'm quite as mad as he;

Since little of the limpid stream,
  With my free will, I 'd touch,
For, once, of that same element,
  I took a drop too much.

It chanced, one day—'t was at a place
  They call, I think, Horseferry—
I 'd been prevail'd upon to trust
  My carcase in a wherry.

There were four persons in the boat,
  But still the man delay'd
To push from shore, because he 'd not
  His complement, he said.

With many a puff, for want of breath,
  At last there came a man
To claim a passage, who was built
  On Daniel Lambert's plan.

Our Charon ran to help him in,
  'T was just as he had will'd it;
"This man," said he, "will fill my boat,"
  And sure enough he fill'd it;

For, over gunwale, stern, and bow,
  The tide came pouring in,
The boat was swamp'd, and down I sunk
  In water to the chin.

To crown the whole, our lady *fare*,
A tallow-chandler's daughter,
Clung lovingly about my neck,
And dragg'd me under water.

She did not like a bath, 't would seem;
O monstrous! that a maid
Who call'd a candle-maker "sire"
Should be of *dips* afraid.

The more I strove to free myself,
The more she hugg'd; 't was plain
The *melting* damsel thought herself
At home in *Huggin* Lane.

One would not slight a lady's love,
Who thus deigns to bestow it,
Although, I own, I wish she 'd found
Some other place to shew it.

What follow'd next I scarcely know,
Till, rescued from the billow,
I found a barge my couch, a round
Newcastle coal my pillow.

While o'er me stood coal-heavers nine,
Kind souls! in wondrous dolour,
Beneath whose hands my pallid cheeks
Soon took another colour.

I 'd drunk of the pure stream, I ween,
In their just estimations,
Enough, in conscience, to dilute
All future strong potations.

THE WAY TO FILL A WHERRY.

Thus, like yon luckless cur, whene'er
  By lake, or pond, or river,
I bend my steps, I always feel
  A hydrophobic shiver.

Nay, should a jug of water stand
  Too near me while I dine,
I feel so faint that I 'm obliged
  To take a glass of wine.

If those who love not water, be
  Obnoxious to the charge
Of madness, there 's no small amount
  Of lunatics at large.

A VIEW ON THE COAST.

Ah! there is our friend Jack again; enjoying himself, during a short interval of leave, with all the glee and recklessness of a schoolboy in his holidays. It is true, our tar's amusements, like those of his betters, have sometimes no inconsiderable alloy of vice and folly, since, when he sets sail on a land cruize, he usually heaves his discretion overboard to lighten the ship. There is not, however, a character in which, upon the whole, more noble traits are developed than that of a true British sailor, when well treated; and it must be gratifying to every friend to the Navy to observe the gradual introduction of a more rigid economy in the use of oaths, and the cat-o'-nine-tails, by the officers, who, thanks to the example of such commanders as Captain B * * * * *, have begun to discover that it is not necessary they should peril their souls as well as their bodies in the service of their country.

But let us return to the picture, every individual in which is a character upon whom I could write a chapter, but ghosts have their hours, and annualists

A VIEW ON THE COAST.

their limits. Observe, "first in place," the countryman: with what a blended expression of wonder and inquiry does he gaze upon his companions, whose conversation and manners are altogether new to him! He has frequently heard of sailors ploughing the ocean, and is curious to know with which description of plough the operation is performed—a Sussex or a Devonshire one; and whether they mix beans with the oats of the sea-horses, by which, he takes for granted, the said *mari*cultural implement is drawn. He is gravely told, in reply, that the ploughs have wooden coulters, and that the horses are fed upon sea-weed, chopped up with oyster-shells.

Behold, on the left of the countryman, that insaturable old sailor, who has a mortal aversion to allowing the can to remain in a perpendicular position, while there is a drop in it. His attachment to grog is so strong, that he once made a pilgrimage to the Lake of Geneva, in the expectation of drinking his favourite liquor pure from the fountain head, and was ready to fling himself into it, when, to use his own expression on the occasion, he found it "as weak as water." He can drink more than any two of his messmates, and yet is the soberest fellow in the ship, and one to whom any shore-duty, requiring a steady hand to execute it, is always intrusted, for, as his captain frequently declares, although Ben Mizen ships so many seas of flip, it never washes his binnacle overboard.

Observe that blooming damsel—a sort of marine in petticoats, that is, between a soldier and a sailor—attacked by land on one side, and by sea on the other;

a perilous situation, truly, for a female as well as a fort. One hand is resting on the arm of the younger sailor, while she is shooting Parthian arrows (as sharp as bayonets) over her shoulder at the son of Mars, with the aim of a rifleman, notwithstanding an agreeable cast in her vision, which her nautical admirer terms the larboard eye keeping the starboard watch.

Remark, too, how striking is the contrast between the blunt, unconstrained, manner of the tar, and the graceful, though studied attitude of the soldier who is addressing the divided damsel with his most fascinating smile, and, "I 'll be bail for him," in a voice as soft and insinuating as if it had never mingled in the shout of battle.

By the palette of Apelles, Rowlandson, thou hast a brave pencil! Look at the blind musician there, endowed with the skill of Apollo, but, alas! denied his light. Condemned, like a delinquent Turk, to the bow-string, his life has been one tune, and the marvel is that, with forty years friction, he has not sawn his fiddle asunder. Observe his companion, too, his fond and faithful wife, who, with the devotion which distinguishes her sex, clings more closely to him in his calamity. His eye hath not traced the characters which Time and Sorrow have written upon her brow, and she is still walking beside him in all the loveliness in which she appeared ere the cloud fell upon his path, and blotted out the face of Nature and of Beauty from his sight for ever. How imploringly does she advocate his cause! and, supported by the most powerful excitements of the sympathies of a

soldier and a sailor, music and misfortune, she does not plead in vain. The gallant fellows have flung him a crown, observing that his hat was grievously in want of one.

Let no man despise the peripatetic musician: we see many received in the first circles of fashion, who, like him, get their living by *play*, and the fiddler's is the honester calling of the two.

THE DUMB MONITORS,

OR

THE SOT RECLAIMED.

HAIL Drunkenness! factotum of the Devil,
  I see thee, with a gesture all thine own,
  And fluster'd brow, drown'd Reason's vacant throne,
Come reeling from some newly finish'd revel.
Thou, in this world of ours, wild work hast done,
Insidious fiend! Through thee, great Philip's son,
Who dealt in slaughter on so grand a scale,
Descended to do murder by retail,
  And sent his comrade Clitus to perdition.
And thou didst rob that open-hearted fellow,
  Hight Michael Cassio, of his commission
As deputy of black and brave Othello.

There flourish'd in the North—precisely where
I scarcely know, nor will the Reader care—
A village damsel who was deem'd the pride,
(I quote their phrase) of all the "country side."
Her charms, of course, allured a host of beaux,
From whom the simple girl a husband chose,

OPERATIVES.

On that most precious maxim that a rake
  Reform'd will make a most especial spouse ;
  And thus she 'd scarce pronounced the nuptial vows
Ere she found out she 'd made a grand mistake ;
For soon her swain did his old courses follow,
And Sir John Barleycorn beat Cupid hollow.

Giles Jobson, by the love of drink infected,
  Each evening to the village ale-house went,
  And, while his time and money thus he spent,
His business and his wife, of course, neglected.
Giles was, in fact, a very jovial fellow,
  And, as a president, was deem'd a rare man ;
Yet 't is confess'd that some of the least mellow
  Were often call'd on to support the chairman.
Though not much given about words to bicker,
  I own I cannot comprehend the whim
Of those who tell us that a man's in liquor,
  When, all the while, the liquor is in him.

Poor Cicely thus, each night, late vigils kept,
  Sad sitting by her solitary hearth,
And bitterly o'er those crush'd hopes she wept,
  Which in her trusting bosom once had birth.
Her grief was silent, though her heart was swelling ;
  Reproof, she knew, but seldom is a softener ;
And that to fill with loud complaints his dwelling
  Was not the way to make him seek it oftener.
And she was right : for, if from such an eye
  The tear's mute eloquence was unavailing,

If such a bosom breathed in vain the sigh,
  There were, methinks, but little use in railing.

I knew a dame, though, who pursued a plan
Directly the reverse: when her good man,
On some occasion, I remember not
Precisely what it was, one night forgot
His wonted prudence, and came home quite tipsy,
  His wife, who 'd scarcely been six months a bride,
Flew at him like a tigress, and (the gipsy !)
  A tough ash sapling on the culprit tried;
Breaking his head and her connubial vows
By this new mode of honouring her spouse,
Which snapp'd the silver cord, and, thence, he got
An irreclaimable and hopeless sot.

Some general had had the luck to gain a
  Most signal victory, and Jobson went,
  With others, to the ale-house where they spent
Their noisy "*noctes barleycornianæ*;"
Nor did there, in their merriment, prevail
  Of selfish feeling the minutest particle,
Seeing they quaff'd deep draughts of potent ale
  To that king's health who had excised the article;
And thus, before this poculous divan
Broke up, they were blind tipsy to a man;
That is, in the same state which sots in town
Call mellow—as are pears when they drop down.

Giles stagger'd forth to seek his cottage, but
'T was not exactly by the shortest cut:

HOME! SWEET HOME!

The night was dark, though he was in such plight,
It might as well have been pitch-dark as light.
At last, the drunkard reach'd his habitation,
  And fain would have bestow'd himself in bed;
But, by a natural hallucination,
  He into his own hog-stye reel'd instead;
And tumbled in the straw, besides a grim
Old sow which, that same night, had let, like him,
A foe into her mouth "to steal her brains,"
And had got innocently drunk on grains.

At length, the summer morning beams, and now,
Roused by the *sus*-pirations of the sow,
  Giles starts up in his bed, and stares about him;
But, lo! what horrid shapes around him come?
Shapes surely born of Pandemonium,
  Monsters with heads of sundry beasts to flout him.
In fact, a horse, two donkeys, and a cow
Were peering o'er the hog-stye where the sow
  And Jobson were stretch'd out, a precious pair;
The four dumb monitors survey'd their bed,
Most wistfully, as though they would have said:
  "A pretty brace of drunken brutes ye are!"

Just then, the blessed sun on his dull eye
Cast its bright beams, but not less piercingly
  Did conscience through his mind her lightning shoot;
Reminding him of that unhallow'd revel
Which literally sunk him to the level
  Of the most gluttonous and loathsome brute.

Giles, from that hour, another course began,
And grew a better and a happier man;
While she, who e'er, through good report and ill,
Had loved him, with a woman's fondness, still,
Weeping o'er follies which her tongue ne'er blamed,
Press'd to her heart her prodigal reclaim'd.